



# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE

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# LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER 1904.

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## *The Tiger of Muscovy.*

BY FRED WHISHAW.

### CHAPTER XIII.

I SUCCEEDED in overtaking Amy, and entreated her to sit a moment with me upon one of the benches that lined the corridor on each side. Somewhat to my surprise she consented, and sat down.

'You see, Herbert, I have made up my mind to stay here,' she said. Amy had not her usual haughty bearing, as it seemed to me. She had worn it in the Tsar's presence, indeed; but now her majesty had left her, and she appeared to me to have become suddenly weary, languid, out of spirits.

'I have come to entreat you to unmake it, Amy,' I said earnestly. 'You are in the midst of many and great dangers that you know not; for God's dear sake take the opportunity of escape He now offers thee and return to England with Sir Jerome.'

'What, creep back into the Queen's Court, tail down, like a beaten dog? No, Herbert, I cannot and will not.' Amy did not speak angrily: it was as though the audience had been so fatiguing to her that she had not spirit to be angry. 'As to dangers, believe me, they are not so great as you suppose. Tell her Grace, when you return, that when I have tamed this bear to my liking, then I will take ship and sail home, but not until then. I have been browbeaten and insulted, tell the Queen, and would assert the honour of an English maiden who, though unworthy, is kinswoman to herself.'

'I shall tell the Queen nothing,' said I; 'confide thy messages to Sir Jerome.'

'And wherefore so uncourteous?' she asked, surprised.

'I will carry no messages because I shall not accompany Sir Jerome,' I laughed. 'You must think me but a poor fool, Amy; did I not come to protect thee, and for no other reason?'

I had expected Amy to turn upon me after her usual manner, with a ready flood of scathing words, but she paused, and then said gently:

'Tell me, Herbert, thou good foolish soul, why dost thou harass thyself because of me?'

'Is it necessary to answer?' I laughed. 'I think you know the answer, Amy; nevertheless, I will tell you—it is because I love to serve you.'

'Nay,' she replied; 'why shouldst thou so waste thy time, Herbert? Moreover, the Tsar has decreed that thou returnest with Bowes.'

'Let him decree; I stay. As for time, I have time enough, and sit alone in the lion's den thou shalt not. Come, Amy, let us face this matter, once for all; you would not mate with this devil-man, even though he should desire it of you; that, surely, is an undoubtable matter?'

'It is not undoubtable. The Cæsar or the Cæsar's son—I make no promise that I will not marry the one or the other. I shall see what the lion is like when he is tamed; he still roars, though he purrs between. If I were to marry one of these, must thou still remain at hand to watch me?'

'When you have married him, we shall see what I shall do or not do,' I replied, 'but sooner I would carry thee hence by force.'

'Nay, if it came to force,' Amy laughed, 'I think the Cæsar would be found stronger than Herbert Shadwell!'

'Well, maybe it will not come to force,' said I, 'for I think you are wiser, Amy, than you would have me think!'

For answer Amy took from her pocket something which she held out to me with a laugh. 'See,' she said, 'what has been given to me this day.'

I took the object from her hand: it was a beautiful clasp of gold filigree set in precious stones.

'Guess, if you can, who gave it?' she bade me.

'That is easy,' I replied, heavy enough at heart. 'Remember, Amy, that when a present is given, an equivalent or some adequate return is expected.'

‘As for expecting, it is no crime to disappoint foolish expectations; but who gave it, come, say?’

‘The Tsar, of course; who else?’

‘Wrong! Stay, I will tell you the tale of this jewel. There is a youth called Gagarin, a young boyar, who has a friend in the terem—that is, the women’s portion of this palace in which I am quartered. This friend of Gagarin’s bade me, only this morning, come down quickly into the yard or garden in which she and her companions are allowed to take their exercise. “There is one wishes to speak with thee,” she said; “one who has come with a message.”’

“A message from whom?” asked I.

“Nay,” she replied, “that I cannot tell; you must come.”

‘There in the corner of the yard stood Gagarin, who gave me this. “From one who admires,” he said laughing; “admires, but dares not, as yet, speak his admiration—so I was told to say.” And when I could not guess the giver, Gagarin added: “One who admires much, but fears more.” “Does he fear me?” I asked laughing; “am I so terrible?” “Not thee. I may not name him. One who should speak with a loud voice, but is awed by a louder; who sits very high, but not the highest—ah! am I understood?” “A cub that dares not even whine when his father roars?” I said. “I accept the jewel, Gagarin. Tell him that one day I shall hope to hear his voice; he is a good starrer meanwhile.” “Maybe he dares more than you know even in staring,” said Gagarin. “I was to add that one day, when it is possible, he will come here with me in hopes of knowing thee better.”’

Amy ended her tale and looked in my face and laughed.

‘That would be an evil day,’ I said, ‘when he came to see thee secretly. You are running your head into the lion’s mouth, Amy.’

‘The world was not made for cowards,’ she replied, and began to move away towards her terem.

‘Nor yet for the rash,’ I said, following. ‘I know that I speak to deaf ears, but there are many dangers in the air, Amy, and whether you will or no you shall be told of them, for it seems to me that wherever there is foolishness or rashness to be done, here are you ready to do it.’

‘Well spoken,’ she replied; ‘I like you better, Herbert, when you speak your very mind without fear or shyness. I love danger, and I have my game to play. At present I do not fear either the big lion or the little one.’

'That is because you have not yet seen their teeth; but, as I understand, you would offer the great beast meat and then withdraw it; if you do so you shall see his teeth, be sure, and perhaps feel them also.'

'I do not yet know whether he shall have the meat; but I promise you he shall be hungry,' she laughed.

'Nay, be warned, for a hungry lion is a very dangerous beast, Amy!'

'I have heard sermon enough, Mr. Preacher Shadwell,' she said impatiently; 'have you nothing wiser to say than all this? I weary of warning counsel; I have had nothing else from you since we left London.'

'Nevertheless, I will say one thing more—there is a family of boyars by name Nagoy; you are to beware of them.'

'Maria Nagoy, who would be Cæsaritsa if she could, and her three brothers who desire the same thing. Oh, Herbert, if thou must croak, croak a new tune!'

'Who warned you of them?' I asked, astonished.

'Dear cousin, every woman in the terem. What else have they to do, poor things, but talk? Maria Nagoy is there, a guest of the Tsar's; she has been at the palace just as long as I—that is, since the hour when the Tsar learned how ill Mary Hastings had treated him. No sooner did he learn this, than she was sent for; the Cæsar must be consoled for his disappointment.'

'Has he seen her?' I asked.

'Not once. Therefore she glares at me who have seen him several times, and therefore, again, the teremful of dull women laugh. I am a godsend to them. "She will tear thy eyes from thee," they tell me daily, "and her brothers are fierce men and powerful boyars—beware of them also."'

My heart sank, for Amy laughed as she told this tale of peril unrealised, or but half realised and wholly despised. It was as though a little child sported upon the very edge of a cliff that crumbled under her feet.

'Mercy of Heaven, Amy!' I said aghast. 'Do all these dangers seem so light to you? Give pause, girl, while yet you may. Sir Jerome departs in a fortnight; be wise and——'

'Herbert,' she said, turning quickly upon me, but speaking calmly and without anger, 'no more of Sir Jerome, I pray you, and of sneaking out of this country. Here is the beginning of my life. I rejoice in all this; do you not understand? Do you think I could bear another year—nay, another month—of the

Queen's Court? I shall stay. If thou stay also, I shall have a friend upon whom I can rely.'

'Oh, be sure that I shall remain.'

'Well, that is kind, and I am grateful. More than gratitude I cannot give thee—let that be understood.'

Amy laid her hand upon my arm for a moment, smiled up in my face with her great eyes softening and shining like stars, and hastened down the corridor. At the end she turned and smiled again, waving her hand.

It was no wonder, I told myself, that this girl believed she could do as she would with men, even with the devil-man that sat in the highest seat, ruling all other men with the sceptre of terror and cruelty.

---

#### CHAPTER XIV.

As afterwards appeared, his Grace the Tsar at some time or other beheld me in close conversation with Amy Romalyn. Likely enough this happened when we sat and talked in the wide corridor leading from the audience-chamber, but whether there or elsewhere matters little; his keen eyes were wont to see everywhere and everything, and it displeased him that we should be so intimate. For this or other reasons my presence in Moscow displeased him, and Sir Jerome was reminded that when he should depart for England his secretary, the 'long man,' must go also, as his Grace had already hinted.

'Yet you declare that you are determined to stay,' said Sir Jerome. 'What, then, is to be done?'

'I must fall sick,' I told him. 'I have already thought of this; I shall take to my bed one day or two days before your departure, and you shall explain that I am sick to death and cannot be moved.'

'I doubt if his Grace will believe me,' Sir Jerome replied; 'but by all means you shall try. Be not surprised if he come in person to chase thee from thy bed with his *dubina*.'

But though the Cæsar raged and abused me for lying sick abed when Bowes informed him of my plight, he did not come in person to verify the statement; he sent instead his German doctor, one Eberfeldt.

Now, this might have been an awkward matter, but that Eberfeldt proved himself the kindest of men, and resourceful.

I told the good physician the whole truth. The Queen had sent me to see to Amy Romalyn's welfare, yet the Cæsar desired me away. Go I could not, leaving Amy behind, yet the Tsar would not have me remain; therefore it was necessary to invent means—and this was my simple means, to lie abed and pretend sickness.'

'Simple, indeed,' said Eberfeldt, 'for you, but what of me? I am an honest man; I cannot give a lying report.'

'Then make me ill,' I rejoined laughing; 'that should not be difficult for a physician of your attainments.' Eberfeldt reflected.

'Good!' he said presently; 'I will do as you say. It will not be pleasant, I warn you, for to satisfy the Tsar I must make you ill indeed: he is not one to be put aside with pretence.'

'Do not make me sick unto death,' I stipulated; 'that would be playing the game too well!'

Eberfeldt promised that I should withstand the malady which he would graft upon me. He arrived presently with phials, and bade me swallow a draught which was certainly nauseous enough. 'Now farewell,' he said, 'and do not curse me afterwards for ills which, though severe, are necessary; you will feel like to die, but in a week you shall be convalescent, that I promise you.'

During the next few days, if the Cæsar had deigned to come to my bedside in order to make sure that his physician reported truly of my condition, he must have felt well satisfied that Eberfeldt had made no mistake; for truly I felt that death and I were very near neighbours, and one or two of his boyars, sent by the Tsar to see and report, were assured by my woful state that I was like to die any moment, and so reported to their master. I did not, indeed, put blame upon the physician in their presence, retaining good sense enough to remember that that might be foolish; but when by myself, I think, there exists not an ill name which I did not apply to poor Eberfeldt, or a black wish or heartfelt curse which I did not lay to his account, for the over-application of his detestable nostrums. I was assured that he had made a mistake in the quality and quantity of the drugs I had been compelled to swallow, and that, after all, I should die; for, indeed, I think a man can be in no wretcheder plight than was I.

Yet in a week I was, as Eberfeldt had promised, convalescent, and within fourteen days I had almost forgotten my pains and sickness.



During this period Sir Jerome Bowes and his servants had departed, and so Amy and I—of all the good British folk who had arrived in Sir Jerome's suite—were left alone in the den of the tiger and at the mercy of his claws and teeth.

Amy had even sent her woman home, for poor Joan had been very miserable in the terem, and pined for England and, maybe, for friends or a friend she had left behind her.

And realising that while I lay mending of my sickness Amy had none to watch over her, I made shift to recover as quickly as Nature allowed. Muirhead visited me constantly in my quarters, and his presence in Moscow and about the Court was a great comfort to me, for he was able to report to me of Amy's welfare. He told me also—and the communication gave me much delight—that Amy had accosted him in the street, seeming anxious to know of my condition. Then Muirhead informed her of the scheme I had devised for remaining in the country, and that I had got myself thoroughly drenched with poisonous drugs in order to appear sick enough to please his Grace the Cæsar. This narrative softened Amy, it appeared, for she said that it was as noble in a man to sacrifice his life or well-being for the sake of another, whether he did so by offering his body to the sword of an enemy or to the drugs of the apothecary. 'Tell him,' she said, 'that I understand how generously he has acted on my behalf, though his sacrifice was not needed, for I foresee no danger that I could not withstand by myself. Tell him also that the Tsar shall pay for his sickness.'

'What meant she by that?' I asked Muirhead, who coughed and said that, as for him, he had never yet learned to understand Amy, neither her sayings nor her doings, nor the eccentric whims that ordered her actions.

'But this much is clear,' he added, 'that she is assured of her own power to tame the untameable Tiger of Muscovy, and that this is a mental attitude which is dangerous to her.'

It was a matter of moment to me that here was I stranded in this foreign and barbarous land, my occupation gone with Sir Jerome, my resources almost exhausted, the Tsar—from whom alone position and emolument could be hoped for—my ill-wisher. I consulted Muirhead. At present I lay in the quarters engaged for Sir Jerome and his suite, but even my lodging would presently be denied me as soon as I should be well enough to be moved therefrom.

'That is a small matter,' said Muirhead, 'for you have but



to exchange this house for my own, where, be sure, you shall be made exceedingly welcome.'

And to Muirhead's house I removed myself very gladly and gratefully, though this hospitable arrangement of his did not solve the difficulty which was my principal trouble at this time, and which was this :

As secretary to Sir Jerome I had enjoyed the privilege of being about the palace where Amy lived, and where she might, if necessary, be seen at any time. Now I had no more right to enter the palace than any idler in the streets. I no longer enjoyed any status in the country—indeed, I knew myself to be an undesired guest.

'There, I fear, I cannot at present help you,' said Muirhead, 'though if opportunity offers be sure I shall not fail to put in a word for you. Do not be sanguine, however, for if the Tsar dislikes you, as you suppose, he will not be anxious to employ you.'

'In England I had to thank my inches for a good position at Court,' said I ruefully. 'Is there no hope that my two yards and a hand's length may cover the multitude of my sins, even in the eyes of the Cæsar?'

Muirhead laughed, and said that he knew not. 'I do not even know what these sins are,' he declared. 'Much would depend upon that.'

'The sin is that I am Amy's nurse,' I replied, 'and that he has discovered the fact for himself.'

Meanwhile I saw nothing of Amy, though I haunted the great square within the Kremlin, where I knew she might occasionally be met taking her daily walk. Yet, though I saw her not, I was presently to learn that she had not forgotten me, nor yet my needs of the present, but that at her first interview with his Grace after Sir Jerome's departure she had remembered my necessity, and had actually approached the Tsar with a request for some appointment which would give me occupation and living.

'What have I to do with him?' said Ivan, frowning. 'Why should I give appointment to one whose presence here is undesired? Let him follow his master, Sir Bowes.'

'Tsar, there are no ships,' said Amy; 'for awhile, at any rate, he must remain in thy country, and since he remains he must live.'

'What is he to thee?' growled the Tsar, and waved Amy

away, she having, I learned, actually asked an audience of him on my behalf.

A few days later his Grace sent for Amy. In the chamber wherein the Tsar now received her stood, among the rest, a man unknown to Amy—pale, haggard, bound about the head and shoulders and his lower extremities with blood-stained rags, as though he had returned that very hour from battle.

‘See here, Mistress Amy,’ cried the Tsar, who laughed nervously; ‘behold this man; he is wounded, as you see, in many places; his occupation, which he now resigns, has been a dangerous one, though honourable, for he must be a brave man who will undertake it. This one has escaped with his life, as you see; but there have been some that went before him who have been less fortunate—how many have died within ten years, Ostorof?’

‘Thirteen,’ gasped the fellow, who could scarcely speak for pain of his wounds and for weakness.

‘So, hear’st thou that? It has occurred to me, Mistress Amy, that this Englishman, this long fellow thy friend, lacking employment, might be glad of this honourable position.’

Amy, wondering much, yet determined to show neither surprise nor any other emotion, replied simply that if the position were one requiring courage and manhood, it should suit her friend well.

‘What, you are not afraid for him?’ laughed the Tsar, flushing. ‘Well, shall we consider the appointment made and accepted?’

‘I do not speak for my friend,’ said Amy; ‘if the Tsar has an offer to make, let it be made to whom it concerns, which is not I.’

‘Ha! maybe he will not be so brave on his own account as thou art for him!’ said Ivan. ‘Ho, there! let this long Englishman be summoned at once; we shall see what he will say. Stay thou also,’ he added, addressing Amy over his shoulder. The Tsar was not in good humour, even though he had laughed aloud more than once.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

THUS it happened that as I walked in the square of the Kremlin, before the wooden palace of the Cæsar, hoping, as I hoped daily, to catch a sight of Amy, there came hastening up to me two boyars:

one was that young Alexis Nagoy who had been my travelling companion, the other a youth by name Kamarof.

'Why,' cried the latter, 'this is good luck indeed; one would suppose that you had heard beforehand that your presence would be desired at this hour.'

'Or that you had come in hope of seeing someone who would walk here,' added Nagoy with a laugh. Nagoy had seen me once walking in Amy's company, and had come to I know not what conclusions, for at the time he had frowned darkly.

I turned my back upon Nagoy and addressed myself to Kamarof.

'If anyone desires to see me, here I am,' I said.

'No less a personage than the Tsar, my friend,' Kamarof replied. 'He has sent us to find you, and we supposed——'

'The Tsar?' repeated I, flushing. 'What should the Tsar want with me?'

'By the Saints, that you shall soon know,' he laughed. 'He desires that of thee, which, if it were I, he might desire long before the thing desired were consented to.'

'Will he bid me pack and go?' I asked weakly; 'there are no ships!'

'Holy Apostles—no; on the contrary, he will have thee stay; he will give thee preferment, an appointment——'

'For life,' added Nagoy; 'be sure thou shalt never want another.'

All this filled my heart with apprehension, which, however, I took care to keep well within bounds. I would not betray my feelings to this Nagoy, whom by this time I greatly disliked, and he me.

'Good!' I said; 'if it is an appointment that is of all things the most desired by me. I am ready to go before his Grace.'

'If you are wise,' said Kamarof, as we walked towards the palace, 'do not accept the offer which his Highness will now make to you.'

'Kamarof, you are a fool!' Nagoy interrupted; but I took no notice.

'Is it honourable?' I asked.

'There is nothing dishonourable; it is a recognised Court appointment, and is always given to men of the boyar rank.'

'When they have offended,' added Nagoy.

But by this time we were in the ante-room to the audience-chamber. Kamarof opened the door, and we entered.

There sat the Cæsar looking flushed ; he was in the midst of a conversation with Amy, who looked no less excited than he—she who was rarely moved to the display of any kind of emotion. She smiled kindly at me.

‘Ha! here is the very man,’ cried Ivan, fastening his keen, cruel eyes upon me. ‘Well, thou long one, give grateful thanks to this lady, thy cousin: she has entreated of me to offer thee employment, and she has prevailed.’

I glanced at Amy, who shook her head. The Tsar’s quick eyes saw it.

‘Nay, it is true. Why shakest thou thy head, minx?’ he frowned. ‘It is true; and lo! the first appointment that has fallen vacant I offer to thee.’

‘Tsar, I am grateful,’ I said, for his Grace paused.

‘Good! Go, then, and take up thy duties without delay, for thy predecessor in the past is indisposed and already in the hands of the physician.’

I saw several boyars look at one another and exchange smiles.

‘Go, someone, and introduce their new Tsar to his subjects,’ said Ivan; and Nagoy and others laughed aloud. I began to grow angry.

‘At least, let me be first informed, Tsar, of the nature of my duties,’ I said, ‘that I may judge whether I should accept the position or refuse it.’

‘Oh, oh! refuse the Tsar’s preferment!’ said Ivan. ‘Tell him, Amy Romalyn, what is this appointment that thou hast secured for thy friend.’

‘Herbert,’ said Amy, speaking rapidly and in English, ‘thou hast, it appears, gravely offended the Tsar by remaining in the country. Do not accept this appointment; it is not serious preferment, but is given to those of whom the Tsar would rid himself because of its danger.’

‘Danger!’ I interrupted. ‘You should know, Amy, that I would love it none the less for that?’

‘This is danger of an unfamiliar kind. The Tsar keeps a pack of great dogs whose blood, it is said, is mixed with the blood of wolves. He would appoint thee custodian of these savage brutes.’

‘What! He would make me a dog-groom to clean the kennels for him and feed his hounds?’ I cried angrily, and turned towards the Tsar in order to reject with I know not what scornful words his offer; but Amy spoke.

'As for that,' she said, 'the appointment is honourable. There are servants, accustomed to the dogs, to whom is entrusted the menial work of the kennels. The appointment of custodian is nominally a sinecure, but actually, as I am told, dangerous; for, though the custodian has no duties among the hounds, yet he is expected by the Tsar to become, if he can, familiar with the brutes, and to enter the kennels, and go among them when his Grace honours them with his presence. It is a point of honour to go among the hounds from the first without fear, and many have fallen victims. All this was told me by the women of the terem before it was known the Tsar would give thee this post. I have seen the hounds, which are as savage as their super-master himself.'

'I care nothing for such dangers,' I laughed, light-hearted enough to have heard the worst and to find it but a trifling matter after all. 'I never found a dog yet that was not quickly my friend.'

'These are different, being half-wolves. Think well before——'

'Come!' cried the Tsar at this point. 'Is the long man so dense? Understands he not yet? Must there be so much talking? We weary of waiting.'

'Wait no longer, Tsar,' I said. 'I accept thy preferment, and with gratitude.'

'Ha!' he cried, sending a quick glance at Amy; 'is it so? That is well; thy eloquence shall be remembered, Amy Romalyn.'

'I counselled him to refuse,' said Amy.

'What!—and he rejected thy counsel? Remember it, then, to his disadvantage, minx. Go, now, to thy terem; and thou, Shad—what is thy strange English name?—Shadwell, go among thy new subjects. In two weeks, if they have not yet eaten thy long body, I shall come and see what manner of Tsar I have placed over his people.'

This pack of hounds, in whose veins it is said a strain of wolf-blood had been originally introduced, and was still occasionally renewed—had already existed for half a hundred years. Heaven alone knows why they were kept by the Tsars of Muscovy, unless, indeed, it were for no better end than this—to tear in pieces those who should so greatly offend the Cæsar that no other fate would be dreadful enough for them; and, further, in order that minor offenders, such as I, might be given their custody, to

tame, if I could, or to be fallen upon and torn to shreds for the Tsar's sport whenever it should please him to judge of my custodianship. I had heard rumours of their existence, and had been told, though I scarcely believed it even of this tiger-like creature now occupying the throne of the Cæsars, that Ivan had many times caused to be thrown among these savage beasts the wretched victims of some momentary paroxysm of the devilish rage which oftentimes overmastered his reasonable will and self-control. The first of his victims had been no less a personage than his own Regent, a great boyar, by name Shuisky. This man, if any, deserved his fate, for by every means and in every way he had ill-treated the child-Tsar, encouraging, for his own ends, the evil in him, quenching every spark of good that showed, until his pupil, being ripe, at the age of fourteen, for any and every devilry that occurred to him, suddenly turned upon this Beelzebub of Regents, asserted his kingly authority, and bade his attendants seize the wretched Shuisky and cast him among the wolf-dogs, by whom he was, in an instant, torn in pieces and devoured, the first of many victims.

So these great beasts were the subjects over whom I was now to reign, as his Grace mockingly expressed it : their Tsar !

'Well,' thought I, 'thanks be to God, I shall be a better Cæsar to these brutes than he is to his human subjects, and maybe—if God wills—I shall in time gain the hearts of my people, which Ivan will assuredly never do with his.'

The Tsar had bidden Nagoy and Kamarof escort me to the place where the wolf-dogs had their kennels, and under their guidance I made my first visit to my charges. Their habitation was not far from the palace, and within the Kremlin walls.

'You were not wise to accept,' said Kamarof gravely, as we walked towards the kennels ; you know not what you have undertaken.'

'That shall be seen,' I laughed.

'Go not among them during these two weeks,' said Nagoy, 'or the Tsar will be disappointed of a favourite pastime.'

'Which is ?' I asked.

'To see his new custodian rescued, alive or dead, by Kiril and Stepan, from the jaws of the beasts. It is an entertaining spectacle—I have seen it many times.'

'Come in a fortnight and you shall see a new thing,' said I, angry and inclined to be foolishly boastful.



'I will give thee a rouble for every yard of cloth thou bringest intact out of the kennel that day,' he laughed.

'That is a pedlar's wager,' I said. 'Let it be this, rather—that for every wound I receive thou shalt give me one buffet, and if I receive none, I shall give thee three buffets, or as many as thou canst stand up to.'

'That is a fool's wager,' he said, flushing; 'I will not brawl.'

'Then, when the time comes, we will invent some better way, Nagoy,' I said, gazing full in his eyes, so that he winced. 'But we will be even one way or another.'

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## CHAPTER XVI.

I SOON made friends with Kiril and Stepan, the two men who alone—as Kamarof had told me—were able to manage my 'subjects.' I gave them money 'on my appointment,' which at once secured me their favour. We discoursed of hounds in general, I telling them tales—mostly invented for the occasion—of many savage beasts I had known in my own country.

'It is easy to gain the friendship of a dog,' said I, 'if one knows.' The two men looked at one another and grinned.

'These are different,' one said. 'They are savage, like the devil.'

'But with you they are friendly?'

'That also is different.'

'What you have done, may not another do?' I asked. 'It is kindness that wins a dog, that and firmness.'

Kiril looked at me with approval; he took off his greasy cap and rubbed his towzled yellow hair reflectively.

'If you know that, you know much,' he said. 'Most of our Dog-Tsars, as the custodians are called by him—by the big one—go like fools with whips and sticks. Well, what would you have?' Kiril spat thoughtfully and glanced at Stepan, who spat also.

'So long as we are among them with you, you shall be safe,' he said; 'but when the Tsar comes he will expect you to enter without us, and then——' Kiril paused.

'That will be in a fortnight,' I said, laughing; 'perhaps I shall be ready.'

Kiril gazed at me with approval. 'God knows!' he said; 'bigness and strength will not save a man!'



Then I made a compact with these good fellows, who promised to assist me in my scheme for asserting the fullest authority over my new people.

The hounds were at this hour shut up within the wooden shed which was their sleeping and living place. Without it was an arena, surrounded by a wooden palisade six feet in height, the floor of the arena being of sand, well trodden down. Into this space access from the shed was gained by a large gate, at the foot of which was a small aperture protected by a sliding door, by which one hound at a time might be admitted into the arena—an arrangement which suited me admirably, for I would make friends with the animals, one by one.

Nevertheless, I went in among them all on the first day at feeding-time, Kiril being with me, and though most of the savage creatures growled and gathered themselves as though to spring upon me, a word from Kiril served to stave off their evil intentions, one of them even consenting to make friends with me, when it was well fed, and submitting, with but a few growls of protest, to be patted and stroked by my hand. By the end of the interview that great hound followed me about the arena, no more savage than any lap-dog.

On the second day I would have furthered my acquaintance with my subjects by receiving them in audience, one by one, standing in the arena and admitting them into my presence; but Kiril, who had taken a fancy to me, perhaps because I seemed to understand his beloved charges better than most who came, this good Kiril begged me to be less venturesome for at least this one more day. Therefore audience was granted, one by one, to my subjects in the presence of the Court—that is, Kiril. Each dog went to him to be caressed, and most of them refused to approach me at all or to pay me any greater courtesy than to growl savagely when I would be friendly, though a few consented to receive my advances. As for my friend of yesterday, he knew me at once, and showed no signs of hostility. Then on the third day came my first real reception. Would my subjects receive me as befitted loyal and peaceful lieges, or tolerate my Tsarship (for tolerate it they should) with black looks and even with open acts of war?

The faithful and much fearing Kiril would have stood at the palisade, in order that the sight of his face looking over might deter such of the brutes as would show resistance to my friendly advances—resistance of fang and of claw!

But I bade the good fellow stand down and go away to his

own home, for in this matter I would have no interference, and away he went, kind soul, with tears in his eyes and prayers upon his lips, crossing himself and addressing himself to his patron saint on my behalf.

Then began my reception, and, truly, never did new-elected Tsar pass through so troublous an hour among his courtiers as did I with my new subjects. It was feeding-time, and I had divided the dogs' rations into twelve portions, for my lieges numbered a round dozen, and these portions I kept separated in a large bag or wallet which Kiril lent to me. I would admit them one by one, and, when they would be moderately friendly, feed them, but not until each had deserved his food should he taste of it.

Of those twelve great beasts about half the pack were inclined to friendliness, a pair or so would neither be conciliated nor yet show actual hostility, and four declared open war. These flew at me, each one in his turn, as soon as he had been admitted into my presence, but did little harm, since I was ready and had gripped him as quickly as he me, catching him by the throat and half strangling him, in order that from the first he might know that he had met his master.

When I had loosed him, after this treatment, I would pat the brute and speak kindly, when, if he showed signs of submission and friendliness, he had his share of food; if not, he starved.

Two hounds returned to the attack on recovering breath rather than realise that I would be master, and these two, having received a second dose of the physic which should presently save them, starved for the nonce. This treatment excited the other hounds, so that for a moment or two I was in peril of a general attack, in which case I must have vaulted, if I could, over the palisade and escaped that way; but by calling to them with authority, in the tone and words of Kiril and Stepan, I contrived to quell the excitement.

Afterwards, having finished with each dog, and having established friendly relations with a good half, I came safely forth, to the joy of good Kiril, who, I think, had not expected to see me alive.

'It is wonderful, and if I saw not that you understand the nature of dogs, I should say you were a sorcerer. Ah!—you bleed here—stay, there also—you have not escaped scatheless!'

I had in all four bites: two upon my hands, one in the left forearm, and the last, if I remember, upon the shoulder, but

none of them was serious ; and after Kiril had treated them with hot pitch, with which he liberally anointed each bleeding wound, I had little further trouble with them.

On the following day I pursued the same tactics, and with increased success. A few of the dogs now began to show signs of affection for me ; one that had begun with open war, having rushed upon me yesterday and received punishment for his sins, was to-day the most loyal of all my subjects and actually attacked a comrade, one of the two incorrigibles who flew at me.

Let me give this honourable liege his name—it was *Lyef*, or *Lion*—and a lion he proved himself, in my cause, not once but many times.

By the end of the fortnight I was a popular Tsar among my new subjects, all of whom save one or two, were now as devoted to me as they had ever been to Kiril and Stepan, their attendants. Of the two incorrigibles, one, *Boorya*, never failed to growl at me at my approach, though he no longer dared show more active enmity ; but snarl and show his teeth he would and did until the end of my Tsarship. The other, *Grom*, or Thunder, when I came near, would raise his upper lip, display his great fangs, and creep away from me until he had placed all his companions between himself and my feared but unloved presence.

During all these two weeks I saw nothing of Amy, for there was no longer admittance for me to the palace. Nevertheless, I heard from Muirhead, with whom I lodged in the Sloboda, the foreign quarter, of all that passed at Court, where many things happened which filled me with apprehension, so that I went with a heavy heart, excepting when among my own four-footed subjects, whose society was by this time dear to me and most interesting.

For Muirhead reported that Amy was constantly in the Tsar's society ; that the Tsar (and his son no less, as all might see) was much attracted by her beauty and spirit, while Amy herself—whether flattered, or content that it should be so, or in pure mischievous satisfaction to have tamed so well her tiger—showed no aversion to the society of the Cæsar and of his heir, but played chess with Ivan, and sat at his board, and in every way showed, or at least appeared to desire to show, that she neither feared nor disliked the society of the Terrible One.

‘Heaven knows how it will end ; will she marry the Tsar, think you ?’ asked Muirhead.

And I replied heartily, ‘God forbid ! That is not the fear, Muirhead ; the fear is that he will certainly desire it of her and

she will certainly refuse. She has vowed to tame the Tiger of Muscovy, and tame him she will or has already done so—ay, and she will have all to see that she has tamed him. Then when the time comes to escape from his fangs, she will find that, after all, he is not yet fully tamed, no, nor ever should be!’

‘If that be so, it is a terrible danger!’ said Muirhead. ‘Yet one may see clearly it is useless to warn her that she treads on perilous ground, for peril is to her soul as food to the starving man; she thrives upon and rejoices in it.’

‘It is not so much love of danger as love of mischief,’ said I, ‘and the obstinacy of a beautiful woman, who will show all men that she must have her way.’

‘You, too, are in danger,’ said Muirhead; ‘for if, as you tell me, you have mastered those savage beasts, do you suppose that the Tsar will be pleased or that he will forgive you?’

‘Marry,’ said I, ‘if he places me among the brutes, surely he will not blame me for making them my friends, if I can.’

‘Oh, be sure he will blame you!’ said Muirhead, laughing. ‘Why, think you, are you there but to be torn to pieces? He would be rid of you!’

‘Why?’ I asked, though I knew the Tsar’s reason well enough, for he understood—none better—that in me Amy had a protector who would stay at nothing in her cause.

Muirhead shrugged his shoulders. ‘That is Cæsar’s business,’ he said. ‘Only see to thyself that he has not his will of thee.’

Punctual to a day, the Tsar sent word, after fourteen days, that he would come and see for himself how I did with my Tsarship.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

EARLY in the morning of the day on which the Tsar would visit my little kingdom Kiril came to me with a warning.

‘Be not surprised if the dogs are fiercer than usual to-day,’ he said.

‘Why should they be so?’ I asked him.

‘By the Tsar’s desire,’ he laughed. ‘It is his custom to arrange that it should so be on exhibition days; that is, when he comes to see how quickly a new custodian can be eaten up or rescued by Stepan and me.’

'You speak foolishly, Kiril. How can even a Tsar determine that the dogs should be more savage at one time than another? Were they not fed yesterday?'

'Fed? Ay, and well fed, in the evening only, and then with such food as breeds excitement and devilry and hot blood in their veins!'

'What mean you?' I said. 'Explain!'

'Last night a criminal was brought and thrown to them,' replied Kiril, laughing; 'a thief or murderer, I know not which. To-day they are savage, as his Grace would have it. There is no fear for thee, for they love thee—all but Boorya and Grom. But it is as well to know beforehand.'

Each week seemed to add something to my abhorrence for this Tiger of Muscovy, to my hatred of the man, and to my fears for Amy, who might at any hour fall into the hands of this monster of cruelty and wickedness!

I afterwards learned that Ivan the Tsar kept a record of all the men and women he had murdered, a list containing several thousand names, and that he actually prayed regularly in his churches for the souls of his victims.

Would my name be presently added to this grim catalogue—and Amy's?

Well, I would go down to history as a regicide rather than permit this tyrant to number Amy among his victims. What matter? Honest people yet unborn would honour my name as of a benefactor who had freed the earth of one who disgraced the name of humanity, Cæsar though he should call himself!

The hour arrived when the Tsar would visit the kennels. He came, with a small Court, Amy being among the number, and seats were placed upon a raised platform without the palisade, so that the animals might be seen in safety and comfort.

'Hail, Tsar of the Dogs!' his Grace called to me, as I stood in the arena, awaiting his pleasure, with the two attendants, Kiril and Stepan.

'May it please thee to let us see thy subjects—the entire community together? Let us see how they acclaim their sovereign?' The Tsar laughed and clapped his hands; he was in good spirits this day.

With the help of the attendants I threw open the great door of the kennel, behind which barked and howled the pack, excited and noisy. Out came the twelve great creatures, rushing, snarling, biting at one another, yelping as they fled forth. I had not

yet seen them in so great a state of excitement. Several turned and growled at me. Boorya actually sprang upon me and closed his fangs upon my arm before I could clutch his throat. I strangled and threw him down, where he lay and gasped.

'Do not kill the dogs!' cried the Tsar angrily; 'I will not have them killed.'

'He is not dead, Tsar,' I said. 'See, he rises and slinks away!'

'Let those fellows depart,' cried Ivan, indicating Kiril and Stepan; 'let us see what thy subjects will have to say to thee on thy merits as Tsar.'

'See they do not by him,' cried a man's voice which was strange to me, 'as subjects have done before now by Tsars who have displeased them!' The man who made this bold speech laughed as he spoke. I looked up with surprise, and saw that this was a boyar, a big, strong-looking man, with a face that told of robust health, and an eye which looked out fearlessly upon the world.

'Silence, fool!' cried the Tsar furiously. I glanced at Amy, and saw that she looked approvingly at the stranger.

Meanwhile Kiril and Stepan withdrew.

To the Tsar's manifest surprise and chagrin the departure of these men made no difference in the conduct of the dogs, which fought and snarled with one another in vicious mood, but without taking notice of me.

'It is sorcery!' cried Ivan furiously. 'Wert thou not a foreigner, thou long-legged wizard, and a kinsman of my sister the Queen of England, I should have thee burned for a sorcerer!'

'Fie, Tsar! wouldst thou have seen the dogs eat him,' said Amy, 'that thou art so disappointed? Surely my cousin has displayed his fitness for the appointment which thou, in thy goodness, hast favoured him withal?'

'His Grace is disappointed of entertainment this day,' cried the stranger boyar, laughing derisively. 'What wouldst thou have had, Tsar, that thou hast not? Thou givest only black looks to this long man among the dogs instead of the applause he has merited. Well done, thou long fellow, thou hast fared bravely with these devilish beasts; the Tsar thought they should have eaten thee.'

I listened astonished at the man's temerity, wondering all the while he spoke that the Tsar had not yet struck him dead.



'Seize him, some of you!' he now shrieked aloud to the attendants behind his chair; 'seize him and throw him in!'

Very slowly and reluctantly the serving-men went about the enterprise set them by their master. They approached the stranger boyar as men would approach a wasps' nest when the wasps swarm around, angry to be disturbed.

'Lay hold upon me who dares!' he cried, drawing a sword and swinging it before him, but laughing the while.

The small Court that accompanied the Tsar this day rose in alarm and confusion, and stood rooted. The Tsar continued to shriek in his frenzy that the boyar be seized and cast to the dogs. At the uproar many of the animals grew excited, and bayed and sprang hither and thither, uncertain what should happen.

What with the swinging sword of the boyar and the fierce threats that poured from his lips upon any that should presume to lay finger upon him, no man dared approach close enough to touch him. 'They cannot carry out thy commands!' he shouted derisively. 'But thou shalt not be disappointed of thy pleasure, Tsar. See, I will go among thy devil-dogs of my own accord!'

With the word, this extraordinary person—madman, as I then supposed him, being ignorant of his identity—vaulted lightly over the palisade, sword in hand, and in one moment was among the raging animals below. In an instant, too, they were upon him, every dog of them, from the mildest to the fiercest, foaming, yelping, teeth-showing, snarling, springing, yet none daring to come within reach of that quickly waving sword.

So he kept them at bay for several minutes, while the Tsar and his Court stood spellbound by the sight and tongue-tied.

'Is it enough, Tsar?' he laughed, presently; 'or shall I attack as well as defend? Shall I slay a hound or two? It is easily done.'

'Get back, man!' I cried, 'and remember that only now thy danger begins.'

'Not so,' cried the boyar; and with incredible rapidity he turned and sprang upon the palisade, dropping his sword and climbing like a cat.

But, quick as he was, Grom and Boorya, the two savagest of my subjects, were quicker still, of whom the former gripped his arm, springing high to reach it, and hung there, while Boorya had him by the calf of his left leg. Like a flash I, too, was upon him in the midst of maddened, howling, leaping dogs. I caught



Grom by the throat and strangled him loose ; while the boyar, bringing his right heel full upon Boorya's skull, forced him to let go also. The next instant he was over the palisade, but had turned already to see how I fared.

'Shout if thou needest help!' he cried.

'I need none,' I replied, and indeed, though the whole pack raged and stormed at the palisade where he had climbed, none attacked me excepting the two incorrigibles Grom and Boorya, both of whom, recovering their breath, flung themselves upon me in fury. Boorya I caught by the throat and flung with all my strength upon the ground, where he lay stunned or dead. But Grom meanwhile had sprung and taken me by the shoulder, meeting his teeth in my flesh. I should have rid myself of him in a moment, but suddenly an ally appeared to my assistance—one of my own subjects, old Lyef, who flew like a fiend upon my aggressor and, dragging him to earth, was soon engaged in a tussle which ended in Grom's retreat, howling and limping, to the kennel.

Thus ended my exhibition day as Dog-Tsar, for the Court now departed, the Tsar furious and sullen, the rest speechless and subdued. Amy turned and waved her hand, smiling. Only the stranger remained. He leant over the palisade and bade me hand up his sword. 'Thou art a man after my heart,' he said. 'Saw you ever such a Tsar in England as this of ours?'

'We have none such on our side the water!' I laughed. 'Seeing that this is a madman, I know not how you dare so much with him!'

'He is a devil-man,' said the boyar ; 'it is my way to be frank with him, but this time I think I overstepped the limits of discretion. I know not how it will end ; but in any case I shall remember that I owe to thy timely help my life, though I think the Tsar will not leave me long in possession. I am Prince Krapatkin, one who has baited the Tsar before now!'

'And has been in Siberia to atone for the same!' I laughed.

'Ah!—then you know me ; well, you are a fine man ; and your kinswoman is a splendid maiden,' he added. 'She is peerless ; by the Saints, she is no more afraid of Ivan the Devil than I!'

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER this episode I thought to be deprived of my position as custodian of the Cæsar's wolf-dogs; and, indeed, though I had learned to love the great beasts well enough, yet if, thought I, his Grace maintains this pack of savage animals to no better purpose than for his own entertainment in watching them tear to pieces those of his subjects who have offended him, I would prefer to have no more to do with them, for my very conscience sake.

Yet no message of deprivation reached me and I remained custodian; lodging meanwhile with good Muirhead, from whom I heard all that happened at the Cæsar's Court.

'Do not abandon your position,' he counselled me; 'if for no better reason than that it may be given you to defeat, from time to time, the Tsar's devilish intentions, by preserving the life of some poor wretch who has been condemned to be food for your savage lieges, as, I am told, you saved Krapatkin.'

'Mad Tsar and mad boyar!' I laughed. 'This Krapatkin must be mad indeed to beard his master as he does, and also to have sprung into the arena among my dogs.'

'He is not mad. The Tsar hates him, but spares him, knowing his value. Since Yermak died—who, you have heard, presented his Grace with the kingdom of Siberia—there is no one who has done more to maintain for his master this new acquisition. He has but now returned from among the Tsar's barbarous subjects in those parts, where he has conquered new lands, defeated rebellious khans and princes, discovered rich mines, and I know not what other services he has not performed for the Cæsar's advantage. Ivan is not so mad as in his moments of fury would appear. As Lord of Muscovy he does, on the whole, not so badly for his kingdom, which has vastly grown in his hands.'

'Bah!' I said, 'let him set matters in order nearer home!'

'And has this boyar, Prince Krapatkin, received no punishment for his behaviour of the other day?' I asked presently. 'May he come and go about the palace at his free will, as before, and does his Grace make no allusion to that which happened at the arena?'

'Krapatkin goes and comes as he pleases. He is not silent in the matter of the arena and the wound he there received, which

was no light one. Each day he finds some new hearer to whom he recounts, in the Tsar's presence, how his Grace would have thrown his faithful servant among the devil-dogs, as he calls them, and how, to please the Tsar, he went among them and was all but killed. "Thus the Cæsar rewards his lieges who have well served him!" he says, whereat the Tsar, according to his humour, bids him forget the anger of the moment, or frowns and commands silence, or—which he has done but once—aims a blow with his spiked oaken staff!

By favour of Muirhead, too, I was able to communicate with Amy and to know of her well-being, which was to me an unspeakable comfort, for I might not enter the palace to see and hear for myself; also, at my great desire, conveyed to her by this same good Muirhead, Amy consented to meet me at his house, where from her own lips I might hear report of what had passed.

Amy smiled sweetly upon me when we met; but it seemed that I was no more in favour now than before, nor yet was my mission as her protector.

'You see,' she said, 'it would have been wiser to return with Sir Jerome, for of what advantage to me is thy presence in Moscow, thou shut up with thy dogs and I with my Tiger? If my tiger should turn and rend me, as, it would seem, you feared and expected of him, of what avail my absent protector?' Amy laughed at her own pleasantry.

'As to that, there might be found some way to escape the Tiger's fangs,' said I, 'and in the escaping even such as I might prove of use!'

'Oh, sweet humility!' she laughed; 'but, when he turns upon me, there can be no escaping. Tigers spring true upon their prey; he will not miss.'

'It is a poor jest,' I said. 'Be not so sure of thy position, Amy; let him that thinketh he standeth take heed!'

'Why, thou art become a very preacher,' she cried, still in laughing mood. 'Preach not, Herbert, for thou knowest not how to fit a text; this of thine is a misfit, for, indeed, I claim not to be secure in my position, which to be one must first have a position, and I have none.'

'You are a candidate for the vacant seat upon the throne of the Cæsars,' said I.

'Am I? That is the question!' she laughed.

'But are you?' I persisted.

'Nay,' she said gravely, 'I cannot answer. I think not; watch

and wait, and see what will happen. As yet, they tell me, I have seen the Tiger only at his worst; soon there will come a period of mildness, when he will lie and purr, all softness and kindness and benevolence to each and every one who would come near to stroke him. I will first see him in this mood, though Heaven knows when he will be mollified now that Krapatkin has come to Court.'

'Ah!' said I; 'and is he friendly with thee, this madman?'

'He is no madman, but one of the finest of God's creatures,' replied Amy; then, gazing full in my eyes, she added: 'Shall I tell you the truth, Herbert? I admire this Krapatkin more than any man I have seen in Muscovy, and I answer thy question thus, that, yes, we are very friendly.'

If Amy desired to see me wince, she had her desire, for wince I did, and that lustily.

'Oh, and what of his Grace?' I blurted. 'If this great admiration is made patent for all to see, what has Cæsar to say of it?'

'I did not say that it is made patent for all to see,' Amy retorted; 'may not a maiden carry her dearest sentiments hidden in her heart of hearts for none to guess? It would be foolish to let the Tsar see, for as you—in your great wisdom—have already apprehended, he would quickly take measures to separate me from my——'

'Amy,' I cried, 'you jest—come, admit it!'

'Do I jest?' she smiled; 'it may be, but it may also be that I am serious; nay, thou must protect me from this Prince Krapatkin, Herbert, for, indeed, I admire him vastly. Be sure, my friend, he is no more backward with me than with his master; that which he is impelled to say he says without ado. How should I, who love and adore courage and the manly independence, how should I not admire this man, who is the incarnation of all masterfulness and the manly virtues?'

'And of madness!' I added, laughing, though feeling little merriment. 'Well, admire him as thou wilt and jest as thou wilt, but beware that the Tsar take not thy jesting for truth.'

'For his Grace is as slow to see a jest as thou thyself,' she cried. 'Is that what thou wouldst say? Yes, foolish, fearful Nurse Herbert, I will beware!'

Nevertheless, and though Amy mocked me for my lack of discernment in knowing jest from truth, the matter ended for me in utter uncertainty, for I knew not any more than at the begin-

ning whether her admiration for this Krapatkin were serious or pretence. For in dealing with Amy I was ever helpless and incompetent, understanding little or nothing of her heart; loving, perhaps, so jealously that love blinded me.

And yet at this time, I asked myself, who should understand the heart of Amy, were he ever so clear-sighted? It might well be that she knew it not herself, but groped about in the dark for she knew not what, as blind as I or any.

'And how standest thou at present with the Tsar?' I asked her. 'Does he summon thee constantly? And what of the Cæsarevitch?'

Amy laughed merrily.

'The Cæsarevitch,' she said, 'stares with round eyes. Twice he has spoken to me in the corridor. Once he clutched my arm with his hand and pressed it. "Amy Romalyn," he said, "you are the most beautiful of them all!" The second time he muttered: "When my father dies, I——" But Boris Godunof, who was with him, laughed and pushed him forward. As for the Tsar,' Amy continued, 'he sees me every day, and also Maria Nagoy.' Amy's eyes flashed as she said this, and the colour mounted in her face. I was not too blind to observe this.

'What—he would make a choice!' I said. 'God grant he chooses rightly and wisely!'

'And how would that be, oh most wise?' Amy asked haughtily, though she made a show of laughing.

'In the way that would save thee many dangers, by marrying one of his own Muscovish women; he is not fit to be husband of a civilised wife!'

'Save me many dangers, and cover me with much shame,' she replied hotly. 'What—this spying, tale-bearing Maria to be preferred before me? Is she so beautiful? Has she so much spirit? She has not enough, my friend, to answer the Tsar when he speaks; but prostrates herself and kisses the hem of his kaftan, and her eyes fill with tears of mock gratitude for his consideration in that he deigned to throw a word to a worm—ah! a worm she is, no more. If he married the creature, he would crush her in the first hour.'

'Let him crush her,' said I. 'Better her than thee!'

'What; he is to prefer her to me? Thank you for the compliment, Herbert; be sure I shall use all my art to save myself so deep a disgrace and humiliation!'

'Amy, you are mad. To what end all this? Supposing that

he should prefer thee—as of course he will if it is your firm purpose to rival this other—what then?’

‘That is another matter,’ she replied, calming down at once. ‘I shall have tamed the Tiger.’

‘And entered into the zone of death and danger which surrounds him. Do you seriously believe, Amy, that you may reject such a suitor and live?’

‘If we may not climb for fear of a fall, how shall we gather fruit?’

‘But you climb to fall, not to gather fruit,’ I protested.

‘Nay, I shall have fruit enough in having attained my desires. I will risk the falling.’

‘That fruit is the apple of discord. Be wise, Amy, and climb not after so dangerous and useless a prize!’

But Amy laughed, and began to tell me of the Nagoy, Maria’s brothers; how they glared and glowered at her; how they truckled and spoke servilely to the Tsar; how they daily brought to Maria dresses and gauds of every kind to deck her withal for the Cæsar’s pleasure; and how, in spite of all jealousies and hatreds and malice, one of them had nevertheless fallen a victim to Amy’s charms.

And so entertaining a tale did Amy tell me of her admirers at the Court—of Krapatkin and Nagoy and the Prince, and so forth, and of their jealousies and scowls at one another behind the chair of Cæsar—that, for all my fears and anxieties, I was able to laugh heartily and to enjoy to the full her narrative.

Perhaps I discerned in a new sense the truth of the old saying ‘There is safety in numbers.’ It was as well that Amy should have friends about her, I myself being helpless to protect her in case of sudden need.

But would these lovers of Amy’s prove themselves men enough to stand to the Tsar on her behalf in emergency?

Krapatkin would, at any rate, I concluded. And at the thought a spasm of foolish jealousy went cutting its way, like a sharp blade, to my heart; for had not Amy said that she admired this man more than any she had yet seen?

*(To be continued.)*



## *Is the Orator Born, or Made?*

CAN the great gift of oratory, the art of giving to noble thought worthy expression in spoken language, or even the lesser faculty of pleasant, attractive, persuasive speaking, be taught or acquired, or is it entirely an inborn endowment by nature? One night at the famous Literary Club, of which we are told so much by Boswell, the subject of conversation was a speech that Edmund Burke had just delivered in the House of Commons. Goldsmith asserted that 'speechifying was all a knack,' and rashly declared he could make as good an oration as Burke any day. The company, playfully taking him at his word, demanded a proof of his oratorical powers. The poet instantly mounted to a chair, and began a speech; but after a few sentences his powers of ready thought and expression were exhausted. 'Well,' said he, jumping down, 'I find this won't do; therefore I'll write my speech.' 'No, Doctor,' said the company; 'we don't question your talents for writing; it was speaking you engaged for.' 'Well, well,' responded Goldsmith, unwilling to admit himself beaten, 'I'm out of luck now; but you may depend upon it, as I said before, that oratory is a mere knack, which any man of education may practise with success in a very little time.'

Unquestionably, the orator, like the poet, the painter, the man of letters, is born, not made. There are certain qualities which must be native to a man if he is to become an orator. From what we know of Goldsmith, with his self-consciousness, and stutter, and awkwardness, and confusion of utterance, it is impossible to suppose that he ever could have attained a mastery of the art of spontaneous, graceful, and impressive utterance. In truth, success in oratory requires a rare union of mental and physical gifts which, if they are not conferred by Nature on a man at his birth, he can never acquire by study, or practice, or discipline. He must have a ready command of language; he must have a well-regulated and most retentive memory; he must have imagination, passion, emotion. These mental qualities, which are absolutely essential to



the orator, are natural endowments. Then come the outward graces of oratory—the striking presence; the clear and plastic voice, capable of conveying varied inflections of feeling; the distinct enunciation; the happy dramatic gesture. These physical qualifications are, perhaps, not absolutely indispensable to the orator, but they are all highly valuable adjuncts to the mental endowments; and some of them, such as enunciation and gesture, may be acquired. We all know how Demosthenes combated and overcame his impediment of speech. The picture of the greatest orator of antiquity speaking with his mouth full of pebbles while he ran uphill, or declaiming to the surging sea waves, in order to cure his stutter, is not without a touch of the ludicrous. Macready, the actor, while staying at an hotel in the provinces, locked himself up in his bedroom, and for two hours shouted ‘Murder!’ in varying tones of voice. The terror of the occupants of the hotel was extreme; the proprietor was alarmed for the good name of his establishment, and when, at last, Macready opened the door and explained, ‘I am endeavouring to find the one intonation which will produce the effect I desire,’ the wonder is that the infuriated company did not compel him to shout ‘Murder!’ as it comes from a man stricken with the fear that death by violence is imminent. The tone and pitch of the voice are of the highest importance in oratory, and even an ordinary voice can, by practice, be made an effective instrument of the art, capable of swaying, arousing, calming an audience; but perhaps most people with oratorical ambitions, but lacking declamatory power, would prefer to retain their deficiency than to remedy it by the methods of Demosthenes and Macready.

There have been instances of men who attained to high position and commanding influence in Parliament by their oratory, despite physical defects of voice and manner and person. William Wilberforce was a little man, with a thin, shrill voice. Boswell, who heard him at York, thus inelegantly describes him: ‘I saw what seemed a mere *shrimp* mount upon the table; but, as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale.’ Henry Grattan had some odd oratorical mannerisms. ‘He bent his body almost to the ground, swung his arms over his head, up and down and around him,’ says Charles Phillips; ‘and added to the grotesqueness of his manner a hesitating tone and a drawling emphasis.’ Richard Lalor Sheil thrilled the Irish people in the movement for Catholic Emancipation, despite his dwarfish frame and his shrill, irritating voice, which has been likened to ‘some-

thing between the yell of a peacock and the squeak of a slate pencil.' Lord John Russell was a frail little man, with a weak voice and an affected mincing manner. But these examples of men who, though Nature had been niggardly to them in the bestowal of physical gifts, achieved the highest successes in oratory are exceedingly rare. Dr. Johnson, indeed, ridiculed the notion that gesture or action contributes to the force and persuasiveness of oratory. 'Neither the judges of our laws, nor the representatives of our people,' he writes in one of his 'Idler' papers, 'would be much affected by laboured gesticulations, or believe any man the more because he rolled his eyes, or puffed his cheeks, or spread abroad his arms, or stamped the ground, or thumped his breast, or turned his eyes sometimes to the ceiling and sometimes to the floor.' Surely the Doctor saw only one-half of the point. Of course, ungainly movements of the hands and grotesque facial contortions would transform the most sublime utterances of the orator into nonsense the most ridiculous. It is unquestionable, however, that gesture, graceful and dignified and appropriate to the subject, enhances the effect of eloquence. My experience as a Parliamentary reporter is that in the achievement of the main purpose of oratory, which is the influencing of the audience, manner is often more important than matter. The great charm and power of the art lies not so much in what the speech contains as in how it is delivered.

But even if a man have all the natural gifts of oratory, success in their application can only be obtained by the most sedulous training. The greatest Parliamentary orators laboured indefatigably to perfect their native accomplishments, mental and physical, by persistent and laborious practice and discipline, so that they might produce their happiest effects. For days before an important speech their minds were absorbed in it, in its matter and form, and in its manner of delivery. A full mastery of the subject was obtained; the speech was arranged under heads with a view to a clear and logical development of the argument; an ease of manner was studied; the modulations of the voice, the varied looks, the appropriate gestures were so rehearsed that they might seem, at the psychological moment, unpremeditated and spontaneous.

Perhaps the nervousness, the fears, the terrors which the thought even of addressing a public meeting inspire in most people is the greatest bar to effective speaking. It is a familiar experience, yet a curious phenomenon, that a man who, while sitting in a chair, has a steady flow of ideas and words is embarrassed and

struck dumb if he stand on his feet to address the company, or, at best, can command only a stumbling vocabulary to express his reluctant ideas. Orators would probably be quite common if it were the custom to speak in public sitting down. At a literary dinner where Tennyson's health was proposed, the poet, pleading his inability to make a formal speech, returned thanks without rising from his chair. 'Why, you are making a speech,' said Serjeant Telfourd, who was presiding. 'Yes,' answered Tennyson; 'but not upon my legs.' The capacity for thinking readily on one's legs is difficult to acquire. Gladstone had it. He thought out, it is stated, most of his speeches while he was on his feet. 'Well,' as somebody said, 'it was the only leisure time he had for thinking.' But addressing Parliament has its terrors for even the most practised orators. 'I have seen,' said Lord Dufferin, 'the late Earl of Derby, one of the most eloquent, courageous, and successful speakers that ever charmed the two Houses of Parliament, tremble throughout his frame at the commencement of one of his great speeches. I have seen a Lord Chancellor of England completely lose the thread of his discourse, and, sitting down, confess that he had done so; and I have heard another very famous orator rolling forth platitude after platitude in the most hopeless manner, simply because he could not, for the life of him, hit off a satisfactory peroration.' There is a way of obtaining self-confidence, or rather of losing self-consciousness; but it cannot well be recommended to diffident speakers. It is illustrated in the story which Horace Walpole tells of a wonderful speech by Charles Townshend in the House of Commons in 1767. 'It was all wit and folly, satire and indiscretion,' says Walpole. In plain truth, Townshend was drunk, according to the gossipier. 'It was a proof that his abilities were superior to those of all men, and his judgment below that of any man,' says Walpole. 'It showed him capable of being, and unfit to be, first Minister. The House was in a roar of rapture, and some clapped their hands with ecstasy, like an audience in a theatre. In this speech he beat Lord Chatham in language, Burke in metaphors, Grenville in presumption, Rigby in impudence, himself in folly, and everybody in good-humour.'

It is a mistake for a speaker to trust too much to the fertility and readiness of his mental resources. Memory is treacherous. A sudden failure of recollection is a predicament into which even the most practised and self-confident speakers may fall. From the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons, last Session, I have seen Mr. Balfour at the table pause in the course of a free and

flowing speech, and, fumbling for a moment among his notes, turn round to his colleagues on the Treasury Bench and ask, in an audible voice, 'What is it that I was saying?' Mr. Austen Chamberlain having supplied the cue, 'Ah, yes,' said Mr. Balfour, and proceeded to develop the argument. Lord Rosebery delivered a very important speech at the Albert Hall on the eve of the General Election of 1894, at which I was present as a reporter. During the cheers which greeted one of his eloquent periods the noble lord was heard inquiring of his supporters on the platform, 'What was my last sentence?' These curious instances of forgetfulness in great speakers with retentive memories are, perhaps, unexplainable. Something happens to snap the continuity of the argument—perhaps the mind wanders for a moment—and the speaker cannot restore the connection without being prompted. Another catastrophe into which especially the unready and self-conscious speaker falls is that of becoming hopelessly lost in a sentence. He begins the sentence, clumsily perhaps, and then gets so entangled in its meshes that he cannot get out of it gracefully, and is compelled to drop it altogether. Such a speaker ought certainly to write out his speech and learn it by heart. But this precaution will not always save him from disaster. It sometimes happens that a speech committed to memory, and repeated fluently and gracefully in the privacy of his own room, or during a solitary walk, is forgotten by the nervous speaker at that dreadful moment when he stands up to deliver it. His intense consciousness of the audience, with their attention concentrated upon him—watching his every gesture, as he thinks, criticising his every expression—fills him with consternation and paralyses his mental powers. But if careful preparation for public speaking is not always effectual in the case of the timid man, without that precaution he is doomed to ignominious failure.

There is ample evidence to show that most of the greatest Parliamentary orators carefully prepared their speeches. It is said, indeed, that Charles James Fox trusted to what is called the inspiration of the moment. Edward Gibbon, in a letter to Lord Sheffield, February 8, 1771, tells how Fox, then only twenty-three years of age, spent the eve of a debate in the House of Commons on a motion for relieving the clergy of the Established Church from subscribing to the Thirty-Nine Articles, in which he delivered a powerful speech. 'Charles Fox,' says the historian, 'prepared himself for that holy work by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of Hazard. His devotion cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour—in all, eleven thousand pounds.'

Horace Walpole also describes the statesman as often sitting up all night gambling and drinking at Newmarket, and next day, in the House of Commons, making a brilliant speech. No doubt Fox, with his natural oratorical abilities—his well-stored mind, his perfect self-command, his ready and copious language—was able to speak extempore and effectively on any of the political subjects of the day. But in reading his speeches we see, in tiresome repetitions and diffuse and ragged sentences, the woful effects of this lack of premeditation. The truth remains that in Parliamentary history cases of men who have been able to deliver long speeches, and at the same time good speeches, without any previous elaborate preparation, are the exceptions and not the rule. Brougham, in a letter addressed in 1823 to Zachary Macaulay, confesses that he composed the peroration of his speech to the House of Lords at the trial of Queen Caroline after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and wrote it 'twenty times over at least.' It remained Brougham's habit, throughout his long Parliamentary career, carefully to write out all his speeches, and even to submit the manuscripts to his friends for corrections and improvements. Moore, in his biography of Sheridan, gives an interesting glimpse of that orator at work in the preparation of his speeches. 'He never made a speech of any moment of which the sketch, more or less detailed, has not been found among his papers,' says Moore, 'with the showier passages generally written two or three times over (often without any material change in their form) upon small detached pieces of paper or on cards.' Even the points of the speech at which he was to be hurried into apparently impromptu outbursts of passion were precisely arranged. 'To such minutiae of effect did he attend,' Moore writes, 'that I have found in more than one instance a memorandum made of the precise place in which the words "Good God, Mr. Speaker!" were to be introduced.' Indeed, it was suspected in the House of Commons that Sheridan had jests, and figures of speech, and sarcasms, and retorts carefully prepared and learned by rote, waiting for the opportunity to fire them off, or creating the occasion himself, when it was slow to come in the natural course of things. Pitt once taunted him with his 'hoarded repartees and matured jests,' and we now know how well-founded was the charge.

But though we laugh at the oratorical tricks of poor Sheridan, as disclosed by his biographer, similar devices have been practised by all great speakers. 'Nothing can be done without a great deal of pains,' said Canning to John Wilson Croker. 'I prepare very



much on many subjects. A great part of this is lost and never comes into play; but sometimes an opportunity arises when I can bring in something I have ready, and I always perceive the much greater effect of these passages upon the House.' When Canning was about to make an important speech his whole mind was absorbed in it for days beforehand. 'He spared no labour,' we are told, 'either in obtaining or in arranging his materials. He always drew up a paper (which he used in the House) with the heads, in their order, of the several topics on which he meant to touch, and these heads were numbered, and the numbers sometimes extended to four or five hundred.' This seems to be the course that is generally adopted by Parliamentary orators—the preparation of a skeleton of the speech, with the subject arranged under various heads, interspersed with several of the principal sentences fully set forth—rather than the plan of writing out every word of the speech and committing it to memory. William Conyngham Plunket, the celebrated Irish Parliamentarian of the early decades of the nineteenth century, told his fellow-countryman, Richard Lalor Sheil, another noted orator, that he previously prepared the principal passages, which he used, he said, as 'a kind of rhetorical stepping-stones' to carry him through his speech. Lord Lyndhurst made a similar confession. 'I do not write my speeches,' said he to a friend. 'My practice is to think my subject over to any extent you please; but, with the exception of certain phrases which necessarily grow out of the process of thinking, I am obliged to leave the wording of my argument to the moment of delivery.'

As a rule, members of Parliament invest their methods of preparing their speeches in mystery. They desire to convey the impression that their oratory is absolutely spontaneous, even when their pockets are bulging with the manuscripts of their speeches. John Bright, however, was perfectly open and candid on the point. On the invitation of a correspondent, curious as to ways of orators, he made an interesting disclosure of his procedure. When he intended to speak on a matter of importance, he considered what it was that he wished to impress on his audience, and then made notes for his speech. 'I do not write my facts or my arguments,' he said, 'but make notes on two, or three, or four slips of note-paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they occur to my mind, and I leave the words to come at call when I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes also—almost invariably—the concluding words or sentences may be written.' This preparation, as his



intimate friends knew, was to him a trying and painful ordeal. He brooded for days over the speech. As arguments and illustrations occurred to him, he liked to try their effect on his acquaintances; and when at home, if nobody else was within reach, he discoursed with his gardener, so that the speech took shape in conversation. Then he prepared his notes for use in speaking in the way described to the correspondent. The late Lord Dufferin was also perfectly frank with respect to the labour he bestowed upon the preparation of his speeches. 'I remember,' he said, 'many years ago I was entrusted by the late Lord Palmerston with the duty of moving the Address in the House of Lords on the assembling of Parliament after the death of Prince Albert. The occasion was a most sad and soleran one, for the principal subject of my discourse was the national loss we had so recently sustained. I felt that were I to trust to the inspiration of the moment, or even to such perfunctory methods of preparation as are generally adopted, it might very well happen not only that I should fail to give adequate expression to my own feelings, and to the feelings of the august assembly of whose grief I had been appointed the interpreter, but that there might fall from my lips some unhappy and incongruous phrase which would jar disagreeably on the ears of everyone present, and expose me to well-merited censure and reproach. Accordingly, I at once sat down and wrote out every word of my speech, and learnt it so carefully by heart that I knew no untoward accident or interruption could interfere with its delivery, and in this way, though it lasted an hour and a half, I was able, without once looking at a note, to go through it without accident to the end.'

This zeal and industry on the part of the young orator must have appealed to Lord Palmerston. He did not believe in a speaker relying upon 'the spur of the moment.' In the course of an attack upon the Administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1842, Palmerston referred to Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby) as having made 'a very good offhand speech.' 'No man,' he added, 'is a better offhand debater than the noble lord.' But he continued, 'Offhand debaters are sometimes apt to say whatever may come into their heads on the spur of the moment without stopping to consider—as they would do if they had time—whether what they are going to say is strictly consistent with the facts to which it applies.' He then told a story of a 'celebrated Minister of a far country' who instructed one of his supporters to make a certain statement with respect to a foreign Power. The member pleaded that the statement was not strictly consistent with the fact. 'Never mind

that,' cried the Minister. 'What in the world does that signify? It is a good thing to say, and take care you say it.' 'That Minister,' said Lord Palmerston, 'would, I think, have made not a bad off-hand debater in this House.' Now, it must be said that the careful preparation of a speech gives no guarantee that what the speech contains is the exact truth. If a man be bent on lying, the more time he has to think the more plausibly will he lie. The objection to the 'offhand debater'—the speaker who relies on the impulse of the moment—is not that what he says is necessarily inconsistent with facts, but that what he says, be it falsehood or the truth, logical or illogical, foolishness or reason, is likely to be devoid of those qualities of oratory which make a speech always charming to an audience, if not convincing. Richard Cobden, one of the most natural and artless orators the House of Commons has ever seen, declared that he needed no previous preparation before rising to speak. In the course of a public letter to the Press in 1864, he said: 'It is known that I am not in the habit of writing a word beforehand of what I speak in public. Like other speakers, practice has given me as perfect self-possession in the presence of an audience as if I were writing in my closet.' 'Like other speakers'! Cobden was really unlike other speakers if it be true, as he suggests, that he did not even prepare notes in which his thoughts and his arguments were arranged in the order in which he intended to use them. Even Gladstone, the most ready and voluble Parliamentary orator of the nineteenth century—fluent and effective even on subjects which unexpectedly arose for discussion in the House of Commons—took considerable trouble in the case of a set oration. I have often looked down from the Reporters' Gallery on the notes which he spread out on the despatch-box on the table when he rose to deliver an important speech. The notes were always written on half-sheets of note-paper, evidently prepared in his study when he sat down to think out the nature and the course of his remarks. There were a number of phrases, three or four words in each, scrawled in large characters and widely separated from each other, as guides to the channel in which his arguments were to run; and occasionally between these catch phrases was a sentence of a striking character, fully written out, or a damaging quotation from a speech of an opponent. When he had occasion to consult these notes he would pause for a moment in his speech, raise the piece of note-paper to the light, and, holding his folding glasses to his eyes, refer to it, ejaculating, 'Well, Mr. Speaker,' and then, laying the sheet on the despatch-box again,

proceed to deal with another branch of the subject. I have often watched him, too, as he sat on the Treasury Bench, preparing on the scene of action the speech with which he was to conclude a great debate. He collected his ideas in his mind as he listened to the attack of his opponent. With blotting-pad on knee, provided with three or four sheets of House of Commons note-paper, and quill pen in hand, he would jot down the heads, or catch-words, of his speech, five or six lines on each single sheet, and then ponder over them, altering them, or adding to them, and distinguishing their importance by underscoring them with lines. When the notes of his speech were arranged to his satisfaction he would place them on the despatch-box, and, leaning back carelessly in his seat, follow attentively the concluding remarks of his opponent.

Thus, by assiduous preparation, by the exercise of a capacity for taking pains, have reputations for oratory been won in the Parliamentary arena. It may be said that a man who has something to say on a subject of which he knows a good deal will never fail to make a successful speech. But that is not so. A man may have studied a subject deeply and yet be unable to find the words and phrases to express himself when he faces an audience. It is not matter, not thought, that he lacks, but language. There are in Parliament men of ideas without fluency of language, and men with a command of words without thought. Goldsmith and Tennyson were men of the highest intellectuality, yet, as is shown in the anecdotes I have related, the faculty of expression—the ready response of the tongue to the thought—was wanting, and consequently they were unable to address an audience with grace and finish. For members of Parliament who cannot readily disentangle their ideas, who cannot give instantaneous utterance to their thoughts, the wisest course is to follow the example of Macaulay, who wrote out his speeches, committed them to memory, and then delivered them, with an ease that seemed spontaneous, to an admiring House of Commons. Only by such a method can a speech assume a well-defined and orderly shape, be expressed with clearness and precision, in the most apt and telling words.

But prudent though it be for most speakers to write out their speeches beforehand and commit them to memory, there are dangers attending the practice against which it would be well to guard. Never send the manuscript of a speech to the newspapers before it has been actually delivered. Richard Lalor Sheil—as I have said, one of the greatest of the Irish masters of oratory—arranged to

address a public meeting in support of Catholic Emancipation on Pennenden Heath, in Kent. Before leaving London he gave a copy of his speech to the 'Morning Chronicle,' and next day it was published in that newspaper. But the speech was never delivered. The meeting was broken up by a hostile crowd, and Sheil had to retreat from the Heath with his burning periods unspoken. Disraeli, in his novel, *The Young Duke*, makes a very pertinent comment on this episode. 'Mr. Sheil's speech in Kent was a fine oration,' he says, 'and the boobies who taunted him with having got it by rote were not aware that in doing so he wisely followed the example of Pericles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar, and every great orator of antiquity.' The novelist might have added, 'and every famous Parliamentarian of modern times, including Benjamin Disraeli.' The habit of writing his speeches got Disraeli into a more serious predicament than that of Sheil, to which he refers so sympathetically. The Duke of Wellington died in September 1852. The Conservatives were in office, and Disraeli, as leader of the House of Commons, pronounced the eulogy which is customary on the demise of a great statesman. On the publication of the oration it was discovered that the splendid passages dealing with the military character of Wellington were taken word for word without the slightest acknowledgment, from an article written by Thiers on a French soldier, Marshal St. Cyr, close on a quarter of a century before. The political opponents of Disraeli denounced him as a quack, a prating impostor, a pilferer of other peoples brains. The statesman gave no explanation of this curious circumstance. But the *Times* stated in his defence—probably inspired—that he had copied the passage into his commonplace book, and forgotten its source. That, no doubt, is exactly what happened. Disraeli thought he might safely transfer the passages to his written oration. Another amusing accident, due to the precaution of writing a speech, occurred not many years ago in the House of Commons. At the time there happened to be two members named Power in the Irish Party. John wrote out a most eloquent speech, which he proposed to deliver in an approaching Irish debate, and sent it, beforehand, to a Dublin daily newspaper. On the night of the debate the other Power, Richard, succeeded in first 'catching the Speaker's eye,' and next morning the Dublin daily newspaper, assuming it was John that had spoken, came out with the report, five columns long, of a grand speech which, though it was plentifully supplied with 'Cheers,' 'Loud laughter,' 'Hear, hear,' and 'Cries of "No, no,"' had never been delivered. That night,

when copies of the Dublin daily newspaper were delivered at the House of Commons, John had to endure a good deal of banter. Yet he got up boldly in the House at a later stage, amid roars of derisive cheers and laughter, and proceeded to deliver an entirely different speech, but quite as able and eloquent as the one he had sent to the newspaper.

The effect of ready-made, cut-and-dry speeches is undoubtedly often disappointing. They have, as it were, a stale smell, these outbursts of indignation and scorn, a week old, perhaps. The reason is that some speakers make no attempt even to simulate spontaneity. Practised debaters give the suggestion of ready, off-hand inspiration to their carefully prepared speeches, conveying the illusion that their thoughts are coming red-hot from their brain, by dexterously using fresh matter suggested by the arguments of speakers on the other side of the question, by declaiming in tones of voice which tell of a mind in deep emotion, and by other artful dodges for concealing art. But prepared apostrophes, like the 'Good God, Mr. Speaker!' of Sheridan, have a most ludicrous effect when they slip out at an inappropriate moment. Once in the midst of the silence of an almost empty and certainly an inattentive House of Commons, a member addressing it exclaimed: 'In vain does your clamour try to stifle my voice; your rude howls do not intimidate me.'

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

## *Mr. Brown and Tilly.*

‘SIGN, please!’

‘Gloves, two-and-eleven-three; handkerchiefs, six-and-four-pence-halfpenny; lace——’

‘Please, Florrie, would you mind signing? The lady has just gone across to the smallwares, and said she was in a great hurry, and wanted to have her change and the parcel all ready by the time she came back.’

‘I suppose she thinks nobody’s in a hurry but herself,’ returned Florrie, a much befringed young person, with a sallow face and a marvellous figure. ‘Do get away, Tilly; can’t you see I’m serving? Ask Miss Gunne.’

‘I have asked her,’ returned Tilly, almost tearfully, ‘but she won’t.’

‘Well, ask Mr. Brown, then; it’s what he’s for.’

The bewildered neophyte glanced towards a magnificent person in a frock-coat, who at that moment was standing with his back to them, and gave a kind of gasp. ‘Oh, Florrie, I don’t like——’

‘I’ll call him for you, if that’s all. Don’t be such a silly! Mr. Brown—*Mr. Brown*, will you come here a minute, please? Here’s my cousin doesn’t dare ask you to sign.’

Mr. Brown turned round, and came forward, laughing. He was a good-looking man of about thirty, tall and broad-shouldered, with a very fine moustache, and a pair of roguish dark eyes. He bent these eyes now on the alarmed Tilly, kindly, if somewhat quizzically, and took her book from her hand.

‘I’m sure you needn’t be afraid of me, Miss——? I don’t think you have introduced me to your cousin, Miss Finley,’ he added, turning to Florrie.

‘Haven’t I? Well, I will now. Mr. Brown, let me introduce you to Miss Matilda House.’

‘House?’ echoed Mr. Brown, with a laugh, as he scrawled certain hieroglyphics at the end of the bill.



'Yes, House. It's a Dorset name—my cousin comes straight from the country; she's nice and green still, as I dare say you'd find out if you tried. Here, you may sign for me too while you're about it.'

Mr. Brown ran his eye over the various items of the bill which she held out to him, scribbled his cabalistic sign, and moved away, without noticing her coquettish glance. But as he passed Tilly he paused and smiled.

'I might have known you were from the country,' he remarked, gazing approvingly at the girl's fresh face, and at the fair hair, remarkable both for brilliancy and abundance, but arranged with none of the elaborateness affected by the other girls who jostled each other behind the long counters.

Tilly smiled back, sweetly and shyly, and he noticed as she glanced up that she had very pretty blue eyes.

'I feel quite lost in London,' she returned, impelled to be confidential. 'My cousins think me terrible stupid.'

'You'll soon get used to London ways,' said he. 'London is a fine place, Miss House. Have you done any sight-seeing yet?'

'Not yet,' returned Tilly. 'My aunt is going to take me to see the waxworks when she has time.'

Mr. Brown was beginning some laughing rejoinder when a new batch of customers made its appearance, and, by the time he had asked one if she was being attended to, and had directed another to the silk department, and placed a chair for a third, Tilly was serving. By-and-by, however, he chanced to be again near the spot where she stood, and she summoned him timidly: 'Would you mind signing again, please, Mr. Brown?'

'In some ways Dorset can outdo London,' he murmured, as he once more bent over her.

'How do you mean?' she inquired.

'In the growing of roses,' said he, with an admiring glance at her soft cheeks.

'Mr. Brown is getting quite poetical!' tittered Miss Gunne, who happened to be passing with a box full of veilings.

He feigned not to notice her, and addressed himself to Tilly:

'There is one item here that is not quite correct. Two yards net at one-and-eleven-three doesn't make four shillings and a half-penny. You are doing your customer out of a whole penny!'

He altered the figures and moved away, laughing.

Tilly laughed too, and blushed.

'Aren't we affable!' remarked Miss Gunne, behind Tilly's back, to Florrie.

'For all that it means!' returned Florrie. 'He generally picks up the New Brooms, doesn't he?'

'He soon drops them again, though,' responded Miss Gunne. She restored her drawer to its place, and strolled back to her customer, inquiring 'Anything more to-day?' in a tone which signified that the answer would leave her unmoved.

Tilly did not quite understand the drift of the preceding remarks, and was, indeed, too much occupied with her anxiety to discharge her new duties in a creditable manner to have time to dwell on them. She was, however, in better spirits than she had hitherto been since her arrival in this bewildering new world; she began to see her way more clearly, and the solving of what had hitherto been her chief difficulty was an immense relief. Mr. Brown's good nature had put her at her ease; she would always ask him to sign, in future, and if she did make a mistake in these terrible figures she thought he would be kind about it.

She called his services into requisition several times that day, and it was remarkable that though several other young ladies made similar applications, Tilly was the only one to whom he vouchsafed a word and a smile in handing back the book.

'Mr. Brown has taken up Tilly,' remarked Miss Finley to her brother and sister—who were also employed in different departments of the same establishment—as they walked home together, after shutting-up time. 'Tilly's quite cocky; but she needn't be if she knew. Most of us down there have been through the same thing—it don't mean anything.'

'Don't you let yourself think there is anything particular, Tilly,' advised Edith, who was 'in the furs,' and inclined to be consequential, owing to having been lately promoted to try on capes and boas. 'There is not a girl in the front shop that he hasn't taken notice of some time or other.'

'Lord, yes!' put in Bob, the brother, with a grin. 'He is a one, Brown is—a regular right-down heartless flirt. Don't you trust him, Tilly, my dear, if you value your peace of mind.'

'I'm sure I don't know why you are all going on at me,' exclaimed Tilly. 'I never said nothing about Mr. Brown. I am not thinking of anything, except I am very glad he doesn't mind signing for me. I used to be afraid to ask him, but I am not now.'

'That's all right,' commented Florrie, a little acidly. 'I wish it may last. But you may depend he will be snapping your nose

off soon, like he does to the rest of us—so don't raise your hopes, my dear.'

Mr. Brown, however, continued to be very kind to Tilly, and when Friday evening came was even so condescending as to ask her how she intended to spend the afternoon of the morrow.

'Oh, I expect I shall stay at home with my aunt and help her clean up,' returned Tilly, naïvely.

Her cousins had often lamented a certain countrified coarseness of speech in Tilly; thus she often exclaimed 'Lord ha' mercy me,' when she was astonished, instead of 'Good gracious!' And, in moments of enthusiasm, prefixed a sentence with the interjection, 'There!' Bob had endeavoured to correct her of this last-named habit by inquiring humorously 'Where?' on these occasions, but so far had not succeeded.

If Tilly had had a particle of refinement she would no doubt have owned to 'engagements at home,' instead of making use of so vulgar an expression as 'cleaning up.' Had her elegant cousins known of it, their wrath and disgust would have been extreme.

'That sounds very dull,' said Mr. Brown. 'They oughtn't to make a Cinderella of you.'

'Oh! they don't; they are terrible good to me.' (That was another of Tilly's blunders; she would always say 'terrible' instead of 'awfully'). 'I shouldn't have got into the shop—into business, I mean—if it hadn't ha' been for them.'

'But you want a holiday sometimes, surely,' said he. 'Come—let your aunt do without you for once, and come with me to the Pop.'

'What's the Pop?' queried Tilly. She was pink up to the roots of her pretty sunny hair.

'You little innocent! have you never heard of the Saturday Pops? Concerts—Popular Concerts; you can hear the best music that is to be had, for a shilling. You are fond of music, I am sure?'

'Indeed, I am,' cried she. She had heard none except that produced by the church choir, or the town band, at home, but she was sure that she loved it. But inviting though the prospect was, she would not succumb to temptation.

'I don't think I can leave my aunt,' she said. 'All the others are going out, and she is counting on me.'

'I do call that a shame,' cried Mr. Brown. 'Mind, I shall count on you next Saturday. One of your cousins may stay at home—that will be only fair. Well, is it a bargain?'

'Oh, thank you very much,' returned Tilly delightedly. 'It is very kind of you, and I hope they will let me go.'

'They must let you go,' he responded; 'I will see to that. What do you do with yourself on Sunday, by the way? Besides going to church, I mean. Do you ever go to the Park?'

Now, Tilly longed to go to the Park, to see the fine people and the fine clothes, so often described by her cousins; but hitherto they had resolutely declined to take her. When she had a dress that was fit to be seen they had kindly promised to allow her to accompany them. The prospect seemed extremely remote. Tilly was indeed saving up to buy what Florrie called a 'stylish frock'; but her earnings were small, and when she had paid her aunt for her board, and sent home the weekly postal order which was to help with the rent, only a very few coins remained to drop into the little tin money-box. Poor Mrs. House, struggling to keep her 'long family' clothed and fed, had learned to count on the postal order; moreover, she considered her daughter's wardrobe extremely well stocked. Had she not herself chosen and helped to prepare her outfit?

Mr. Brown repeated his question, and the girl answered hurriedly: 'No, I have never been to the Park yet.'

'I suppose the Miss Finleys think "Two is company and three is none,"' said he significantly.

As a matter of fact, Edith had, on one occasion, cited the proverb in question; Tilly laughed consciously.

'Well, then, why should not we go together?' he cried. 'You meet me on Sunday at half-past twelve, just at the corner, here, and I will take you to see all the smart folks parading after church.'

Tilly's face lit up and then fell. What would Mr. Brown say to her poor shabby Sunday dress, so countrified in cut, so plain as to material? And her hat—why, it was only a sailor-hat!

'I haven't,' she stammered, 'I haven't a very nice dress.'

'You have a very nice face, though,' laughed he. 'People won't want to look very much at your dress, I fancy. Well, you'll bear it in mind; you'll meet me on Sunday at twelve-thirty, and you must manage to get a day off on Saturday week.'

At this moment Florrie came bustling up to know if she wasn't ever coming. It was closing-time, or Tilly and Mr. Brown could not have conversed so long without interruption.

'I am just settling one or two little things with Miss House,' remarked the young man. 'I wanted to take her to a concert

to-morrow, but she says she will be busy. However, you must let her off on Saturday week.'

'Good gracious!' said Florrie, 'I am sure you are welcome to take her out whenever you like, Mr. Brown—next Saturday and this Saturday too.'

'Well, but you know, Florrie,' put in Tilly eagerly, 'Aunt said she wanted me to cl——'

'I am sure my mother would not wish to interfere with any of your arrangements,' she remarked frigidly. 'I am sure she would rather you never helped her at all than that you went moaning and groaning about it to people, and pretending that you were ill-used.'

'But I didn't, Florrie,' her cousin was beginning indignantly, when Mr. Brown interposed:

'Let there be no unpleasantness, I beg,' said he. 'I waive my claim for to-morrow, but not for Saturday week. And on Sunday Miss House has promised to let me take her to the Park.'

'Really?' exclaimed Miss Finley, in a tone which endeavoured to combine amiability towards Mr. Brown with disapproval of Tilly's proceedings. 'I generally go to the Park, too, on Sunday mornings—very likely I'll go with you.'

'I think not,' he replied coolly. '"Two's company and three's none," you know!'

With an arch look at Tilly, he nodded, and turned away.

'Well, upon my word,' exclaimed Miss Finley, surveying her cousin with astonished disfavour, 'you seem to be going pretty fast, miss!'

'Oh, don't be so cross, Florrie!' retorted Tilly, with spirit. 'Why shouldn't I have a bit of fun as well as the rest of you? Edith often goes out walking with Mr. Snow, and you know, you yourself——' She stopped short, just in time, having been about to quote an unflattering remark of her cousin Bob's—if Florrie did not walk out with any young man, it was not, it would appear, according to him, from any lack of inclination.

'That is a very different matter,' responded Miss Finley, with dignity, and ignoring the interrupted phrase. 'Edith is reg'larly engaged to Mr. Snow.'

'I suppose,' cried Tilly innocently, 'she never saw anything of him before they was engaged?' And thereupon she laughed, and ran away.

That night, after much difficulty, she managed to shake out a few shillings from her little tin post-office, and on the following day

expended them in purchasing a pair of new gloves, a lace collar, and some blue ribbon. The gloves were grey thread, of the same shade as her coat and skirt. When she had sewn the lace collar on the jacket she was quite pleased with its effect; it was a pity the skirt cocked up so much in front—and then, to make things worse, it dipped behind. Still, Mr. Brown had said no one would notice her dress, and if *he* did not mind Tilly felt that nothing else mattered. Her hat was the least satisfactory part of her attire, and for a moment she was tempted to borrow one from Edith, whom she thought the most good-natured of her cousins. Her own was a sailor-hat of the ordinary type, and even after she had removed the black ribbon and trimmed it with the blue, arranging the ends in a big bow in front, it betrayed its origin. Edith entered the room just as she was finishing, and was loud in condemnation.

‘Such taste I never saw!’ she exclaimed. ‘Why, the only bit of style there is about a sailor-hat is its plainness. My goodness! I never saw such an object. You are a nice figure to go out walking with gentlemen!’

At this Tilly altered her mind with regard to the good-natured qualities of her cousin, and resolved that she would die rather than be beholden to her.

Next day, in spite of Edith’s strictures, it appeared to Tilly that her hat looked rather well. The colour of the ribbon, in fact, accentuated the blue of her eyes, and seemed to enhance the brightness of her hair. As for the ‘tailor-made,’ though it was badly cut, the tint was soft and pretty, and the face of the wearer was in truth so bright and blooming that few people would have cared to notice the deficiencies of her attire.

Mr. Brown kept his appointment very punctually, and Tilly scarcely knew whether to be more proud or shy as she walked away beside him. But what a world of wonder was that to which he soon introduced her!

Tilly was in doubt as to which to admire most—the beautiful dresses, or the beautiful ladies who wore them. There were a great many fine gentlemen, too; but, in her eyes, Mr. Brown himself looked quite as well as any of them. She was much struck with the blossoming shrubs, and the beautiful flowers, some of these even growing in the grass; and before they went home Mr. Brown took her down to the water, and showed her the swans, and the ducks, and all manner of curious little aquatic birds. He parted from her at her aunt’s door, reminding her of her promise of going with him to the ‘Pop’ on the following Saturday.



'And next Sunday we'll go out again, perhaps,' he said, as he pressed her hand.

Tilly was very late for dinner, and was well scolded by her aunt in consequence, and a good deal jeered at by her cousins; but so well wrapped up was she in her new happiness that all shafts fell harmless.

'He's going to take me out again, next Sunday,' she announced, with eyes shining above her pink cheeks.

'I wonder if that's right,' said Mrs. Finley, laying down her knife and fork.

Florrie pursed up her lips and shook her head, and Edith, secure in the possession of her own admirer, remarked severely that it wasn't every man that was to be trusted. Only Bob, who was a good-natured fellow in the main, and who was touched at Tilly's look of alarm, took her part.

'Nonsense, old lady! Brown's all right. Don't spoil sport.'

Bob happened to be his mother's favourite, and she relaxed at this appeal; but deemed it her duty, not only to warn Tilly, herself, as to the necessity of being extremely prudent, but to drop a hint to Tilly's mother.

Mrs. House was less alarmed than might have been expected; according to country notions, there was nothing so very dreadful in the fact of a young man 'walking out' with a young girl on Sundays, even without ulterior views; provided, of course, that the young man was respectable, and that they did not stay out after dark. She resolved to write to her daughter to insist on attention to these points, but as the last of the winter stock of pigs happened to be killed that week, and she was in consequence particularly busy, the letter was not written until Sunday, or posted till the following morning.

Meanwhile two more outings fell to Tilly's share—two afternoons of dream-like happiness. First came the concert. She and Mr. Brown proceeded to St. James's Hall on the top of a 'bus. Tilly had never enjoyed anything so much in her life as 'that beautiful ride,' as she termed it. It was a fine, bright May day; the streets were crowded with gaily dressed people, the shop-windows in themselves were sights to see. Tilly had not hitherto penetrated so far into the West-end, and her amazement and delight knew no bounds. She chattered ceaselessly all the way; Mr. Brown benevolently inclining his ear so as to catch what she said through the tumult of the streets.

Then, when they found themselves in the vast Hall, how Tilly's

heart beat! What crowds and crowds of people were there, and what a big place it was, and how expectant everyone looked. She felt almost as though she were in church.

It is doubtful how much she understood of the Beethoven Quartet, the Mozart Variations, or the Handel Fugue; all were equally beautiful in her opinion, and in any case the mere glory of sitting next to Mr. Brown, and being taken care of and patronised by him, was enough to uplift her to the seventh heaven.

It was over too soon, but they walked back all the way, Tilly leaning on Mr. Brown's arm, because, as he explained, he was thus enabled to look after her better at the crossings. He arranged to take her out on the following day at half-past two.

'Then you needn't worry about being late for dinner,' he said. 'I sha'n't take you to the fashionable end of the Park this time; I want to have you all to myself. We'll go to a quiet part of Kensington Gardens and sit under the trees.'

Tilly agreed, with a beating heart. On reaching home she was a little more silent than on the previous Sunday, and had learnt sufficient worldly wisdom to keep back Mr. Brown's explanation as to why he had arranged to take her out in the afternoon, instead of before dinner.

She could hardly sleep that night, and was up at dawn, rushing to the window to see if it were fine. It would be too dreadful if it rained. The Fates were propitious—it was quite fine; a little dull to begin with, but, as the day advanced, the sun came out, and the sky was as blue as the skies of Dorset.

Tilly's eyes shone like stars as she descried Mr. Brown's fine, broad-shouldered figure coming jauntily down the street. She scarcely knew herself what a rapture of welcome was in her face; but he took note of it, and his voice was not quite so steady as usual as he greeted her. What a wonderful thing it was to find herself walking over the grass with Mr. Brown, and presently sitting beside him under a big tree—a tree so big that when they had moved their chairs round to the farther side, its blackened trunk completely hid them from view. The leaves overhead were not yet fully expanded, and for that reason more delicately green. There was actually a thrush singing, for all the world as though it had been in the country, and pigeons were cooing somewhere in their near neighbourhood.

Mr. Brown took out a cigarette and asked Tilly's permission to smoke, which she thought extremely kind and polite of him.

'Now you are to talk to me,' he said. 'I am going to smoke and enjoy myself, and you are to entertain me.'

'What am I to talk about?' inquired she, a little alarmed.

'Oh, anything you like; it doesn't matter. Listen to that thrush there. We don't know what he is singing about, but we like to hear the sound of his voice. I like to hear the sound of *your* voice.'

Tilly blushed, and said hurriedly: 'You'd soon get to know what he was singing about if you lived in the country. There! the birds do talk as plain as Christians sometimes. There's a thrush what builds year after year in our garden. Soon as ever February comes he begins a-calling, "Judy! Judy!" and then he says, "Kiss me quick!" "Kiss me quick!" so then I know they'll soon be pairing.'

'A very sensible bird,' commented Mr. Brown, gazing at her between half-closed eyes. 'He knows what he wants, doesn't he?'

'Yes, indeed,' agreed Tilly, rather hastily. 'The robins, too—they have quite a different song when they are courting—quite soft and low, and down in their throats. There's lots of birds at our place.'

She went on prattling about home, and her brothers and sisters, and the neighbours, and the big green fields that stretched down to the river, and the woods full of primroses and little daffodils and 'enemies'; and how she and some of the other girls used to gather basketfuls of them.

Mr. Brown listened, and laughed, and helped her on by an occasional word, and said to himself that she had the prettiest and most innocent face in the world, and the sweetest voice.

'I don't much hold with picking bluebells, though,' proceeded Tilly. 'They never look so pretty in a vase. I like to see them growing; they must be all blooming away beautiful down near us now'; and she heaved the ghost of a sigh.

'I'll take you to see them blooming next Saturday, if you like,' said Mr. Brown. 'I'll take you to Kew Gardens. There is a wood full of them there. It's no distance by train.'

'By train?' she echoed, half in doubt, half in delight.

'Yes; it will be all right. I'll take you.'

He threw away the last of a succession of cigarettes, and leaned forward, looking at her with a curious expression:

'Which have you enjoyed the most?' he inquired; 'last Sunday or this one? I haven't done anything to amuse you to-day,

have I? I was selfish, you see; I chose what *I* should enjoy most.'

'I enjoyed it too,' cried she; 'I enjoyed it much more than last Sunday.'

'What, sitting under a tree!' cried he. 'Why, you could do that in Dorsetshire.'

'Ah, but——' she was beginning eagerly, but broke off, stammering.

'If you liked it,' said he, in a low voice, 'I think it must be because you like me a little. Do you like me, Tilly?'

If ever a pair of blue eyes expressed guileless and unmistakable adoration, those eyes were Tilly's. She was not in the least aware of how much more they said than that faltering tongue of hers, which made several abortive attempts to speak. Mr. Brown's own eyes looked very kind as their gaze met, but he did not press Tilly further, merely observing presently, in a gay tone, that he was glad the experiment had been so successful, and that they must often repeat it.

Tilly laughed aloud when her mother's letter arrived; if she only knew! She wrote a reply couched in mysterious terms, describing Mr. Brown's person and position with enthusiasm, gratefully relating his various acts of kindness to her, hinting that she could not help seeing it was 'rather particular,' and holding out hopes of communicating a great piece of news before long.

How the days crawled that week, and how often Tilly's little wits went wool-gathering! If Mr. Brown had not been at hand to advise and help her she might possibly have got into trouble. But he, of all people, could not fail to be tolerant of errors which arose from the delirious prospect of that afternoon at Kew Gardens.

'I can't help thinking of Saturday,' she whispered on one occasion when her farthings had gone all wrong.

'I am always thinking of it, too,' said he.

Tilly could hardly credit it. That he—that *Mr. Brown*, whom everyone thought so highly of, should be almost as much excited as herself. That he should care for her like that; for her, Tilly, whom everyone said was so stupid and so countrified. The glory and wonder of it turned her dizzy.

Her happiness had been advancing *in crescendo* from week to week, and on the particular Saturday that she and Mr. Brown betook themselves to Kew Gardens it reached its culminat-

point. She could not conceive a higher pinnacle of bliss than that to which she was then uplifted. The weather was perfect ; indeed, she seemed to exercise a beneficent influence, so Mr. Brown declared, over it ; on each occasion that he had taken her out there were blue skies and sunshine. Then the flowers, and the beautiful smooth lawns, and the trees, and, best of all, the bluebell wood. It might have been a country wood, only it was twenty times handsomer, Tilly said.

They found a bench in a retired spot, well sheltered from the breeze, whence they could gaze their fill on the drift of blue stretching away beneath the trees, shining with a kind of silvery radiance where the sun filtered through, taking wonderful tints of lilac, and slate grey, and ultramarine in the shadows. Mr. Brown's arm rested on the back of the bench immediately behind Tilly, his eyes looked down at her very tenderly whenever she ventured to raise her own ; she was too happy to speak much, and he, too, was at first so silent that it made her feel shy.

All at once a thrush began to sing, and Mr. Brown, after listening for a moment or two, laughed under his breath.

'You are wrong in one thing,' said he ; 'he is not calling *Judy* ! It sounds much more like *Tilly* ! Yes—listen to him ! he is certainly calling *Tilly* ! *Tilly* ! . . . You were right about the rest though ; he is saying *Kiss me quick* ! *Kiss me quick* !'

Tilly gazed steadfastly on the path, making little designs on the gravel with the point of her shoe. Mr. Brown bent towards her, and the hand which had rested upon the bench was suddenly laid lightly on her shoulder.

'Tilly, Tilly,' he said, 'can you not fancy for a moment that I am a thrush ?'

Tilly raised her eyes, full of that innocent worship of which she herself was unconscious, but which he ever found intoxicating ; no one can tell what might have happened in another moment had not the sound of rapidly advancing footsteps suddenly made them start apart.

There is presumably a fate about such things ; Tilly subsequently thought it was perhaps a kind fate which brought about the interruption at this particular moment—an interruption, as it soon transpired, caused by acquaintances of Mr. Brown's. The couple who now came in view proved to be the Chief Cashier of 'the Establishment,' and 'Madame,' head of the millinery department. Mr. Brown rose as they approached, and stepped forward

to greet them; Tilly, whose social status was much too insignificant to have ever brought her into contact with these important people, sat still in her corner of the bench, with her head drooping, so that the palpably home-made blue bow of the despised sailor-hat was well in evidence. Perhaps it was the contempt naturally evoked by the blue bow, or perhaps it was the recollection of sundry attentions on the part of Mr. Brown in bygone days, which caused Madame to address him in so sarcastic a tone:

'Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Brown? I am afraid we have been indiscreet! Really, it's so difficult to know with you when *not* to appear at the wrong moment. Who would have expected to meet you here? I suppose you thought it nice and safe.'

'Bless you, no,' interrupted the Chief Cashier, before Mr. Brown could reply. 'He is doing it on the square this time—it's been going on openly, I hear—a regular case—serious, isn't it, Brown? Ha-ha, the old bird is caught at last!'

'Not really?' exclaimed Madame. And, turning, she swept a glance over Tilly from the top of the objectionable bow to the toe of her little country shoe. 'Not really?' she repeated in a tone of mingled disgust and amusement.

'Come, I am not going to be brought to book like this,' returned Mr. Brown, with rather a forced laugh. 'I don't ask you why you are walking here with Mr. Phillips.'

'Oh, you may ask if you like,' retorted she. 'Mr. Phillips and I are walking here because we are going to be married very shortly, and want to talk over our plans. I can hardly believe that your reason is the same.'

Once more the disdainful glance covered the shabby little figure on the bench. But Tilly had raised her head now, and was gazing steadfastly at Mr. Brown. Surely he would speak out like a man, and say that the reason *was* the same, and that they, too, were to be married very shortly. What else could he say? Had he not asked her if she liked him? Was it not almost settled a few moments ago? But, even as she gazed, the man looked back at her sharply, almost angrily; yet when he spoke, he laughed:

'Miss House and I are not so foolish as to imagine we can't make an expedition together without thinking of such serious matters,' he returned. 'We are both too much up-to-date for that sort of thing. We have come out to amuse ourselves, haven't we, Miss House?'

'Of course,' answered Tilly, with a brave attempt at a laugh.



There was an immense lump in her throat, but she managed to bring out the words quite clearly, and the laugh was a very creditable imitation.

'Well, that's one way of looking at things,' said Madame; and the Chief Cashier raised his eyebrows and laughed too; and then they both walked on, and Mr. Brown came back to the bench.

'What stupid people!' he remarked. 'They might have had more sense than to interrupt us like that. What were we talking about?'

He was trying to speak pleasantly, but did not seem at ease; Tilly sat with her eyes cast down, and her hands tightly squeezed together; she was praying inwardly with all her strength that she might not break down. She must not let him think she cared; she must not cry, whatever happened. Surely God would not let her disgrace herself by crying!

'What were we talking about?' repeated Mr. Brown. 'Something very interesting, I know.'

He was bending forward again, and his hand was creeping along the back of the bench. Tilly moved away sharply, and turned her blue eyes upon him, all ablaze with indignation. He withdrew his arm with a discomfited air.

'Come, you are not going to turn out a prude at this time of day?'

'I don't know what you mean by that,' said Tilly, finding her voice all at once; 'but I never was one as—as liked making free.'

Her cheeks were flaming, but she had never looked so pretty in her life.

'Now you are angry with me,' said he, really moved.

'Angry? Not at all!' quoth she; and then she jumped up. 'I am getting rather chilly, though. Sha'n't we go on and see the rest of the place? I want to see the inside of those glass-houses.'

'It's so hot in there,' murmured he.

'Well, you can stay outside,' she returned.

Mr. Brown gazed at her in amazement, which increased as they set off towards the greenhouses. Tilly walked a little in front of him, steadily refusing to take his arm.

'There are no crossings here, you know,' she said, with a laugh that sounded quite genuine.

'Who would have thought the girl had such pluck?' said Mr. Brown to himself. Or was she trying to pay him out? Two could play at that game. So, when Tilly made polite, curt remarks

about the weather, he responded in the same tone; and when she again proposed that he should remain outside while she inspected the greenhouses, he replied that he *was* rather tempted to have a smoke. Tilly went in alone, and wandered among the exotics with a bursting heart; and he lounged about and smoked moodily, and vowed to himself that the little chit was not worth worrying about.

When she came out she asked if it was not time to think of going home, and he assented promptly; and when they parted at her aunt's door, nothing was said about meeting on the morrow.

'It's all over,' thought Tilly; 'all over! I was a fool to trust him. The others were right; but I sha'n't tell them they were.'

Therefore, when her cousins rallied her on her weary look and want of appetite, she would own to nothing more than a bit of a headache.

'It's those hothouses, I think,' said she. 'Dear! it was hot in there! And then we walked about such a lot. We *did* walk!'

'Think of that!' remarked Bob jocosely. 'I dare say you will be too tired to go out with Mr. Brown to-morrow.'

'I dare say I shall,' returned Tilly, to everyone's immense surprise; and then she went up to her room. How she longed to indulge in a good cry! Those choked-back tears seemed to be suffocating her; but she would not go to bed a moment before her customary time; she would do nothing to excite remark.

'I don't want them crowing over me and saying they told me how 'twould be,' thought she; and she took off her hat and jacket, and smoothed her hair and brought down a bit of sewing. When at last she went up to bed, and was free to weep, behold, no tears came! As she unfastened her waistband a little nosegay dropped out, which Mr. Brown had given her, and when she picked it up the faint smell of the dying flowers turned her sick. She threw them away from her and fell sideways against the bed, an almost unbearable sense of love and longing overwhelming her.

'Oh, my God!' cried poor Tilly, as she buried her face in her hands.

Not one wink of sleep did she have that night, and in the morning, long before her cousins were astir, she got up and wrote to her mother.

'I find I made a mistake,' said she; 'I sha'n't have any news to tell you. It was all a bit of nonsense. I believe London gentlemen are like that. You may be sure I won't get taken in again.'

But, dear Mother, I should so like to come home, I don't like London. I wouldn't mind what I did at home. I could easy earn a bit some other way.'

'Gracious, child!' exclaimed her aunt, as she came downstairs, 'you are a sight this morning! You look as if you had been up all night.'

'I was too tired to sleep, I think,' returned Tilly, with that new artificial little laugh of hers.

In spite of her valiant efforts to eat her breakfast as usual, she could not manage it; the food was like sawdust in her mouth.

'Too tired to eat too, eh?' queried Bob.

She made no answer, and feigned not to notice the nods and winks, and whisperings, which passed from one member of the family to another.

How she got through the day she scarcely knew; she went to church twice, and passed the hours between in her own room, thinking over and over the events of yesterday, until her brain seemed on fire. She could not bear to dwell on the blissful hour which had passed before the interruption came; she thanked Heaven for the interruption—so she told herself fiercely, several times. If those people had not come up just then she would have gone on believing in Mr. Brown, and loving him, like the fool that she was. She might even have owned her love—she had nearly done so more than once; she might actually have permitted that kiss for which he had been petitioning when his friends appeared. Her cheeks burnt at the recollection. How could she guess that he was simply playing with her, laughing in his sleeve at her foolish confidence?

Her heart beat with suffocating quickness when, as she took her place behind the counter on the following morning, Mr. Brown walked past her.

'Good morning,' he said coldly, and then, half-wheeling round, as though struck by a sudden thought: 'I hope you are not tired after the expedition on Saturday?'

'I was rather tired,' returned she. And he walked on.

'That settles it,' she said to herself; even the pretence of friendship was to be at an end.

Well, he would not need to give the hint to her twice. She, too, would treat him with common civility, and no more.

As time went on Tilly grew pale and silent, and Mr. Brown's friends voted him morose and disagreeable.

One day, when the facetious Miss Gunne happened to be rallying him on this point, Florrie chimed in :

‘Don’t you bother Mr. Brown. Tilly and he have had a quarrel—that’s what’s the matter.’

‘Nonsense!’ cried Tilly, with a flaming face.

‘Well, why don’t you eat, pray? And why have you never a word to throw at one? And why do you go tossing about at night, instead of sleeping? I can hear your bed creaking through the wall.’

‘I suppose everybody has toothache sometimes,’ responded Tilly, moving away towards the end of the counter, where she became very busy with some pieces of lace.

‘I should have said heartache was more likely,’ said Miss Gunne, with a giggle. ‘We all know your little ways, Mr. Brown. It wasn’t fair to try them on with her, though—she wasn’t up to you.’

‘But that doesn’t explain why Mr. Brown is so glum,’ cried Florrie. ‘I really believe he *has* been hit this time, and that they have quarrelled, as I say.’

‘Nothing of the kind,’ returned Mr. Brown; ‘Miss House and I have always been the best of friends.’

Tilly did not raise her head, but he saw her lip give a little quiver, and felt a sudden pang. Two or three times, as he moved about, he stole a glance at her. She had certainly grown paler, and the lines of her face were sharper. He thought of Florrie’s speech, and then he thought of the quivering lip, and each time with a contraction of the heart. Towards evening he found a chance of speaking to her alone, and came up to her, actuated by he knew not what irresistible impulse.

‘Tilly, do you still bear malice? Are we never to be real friends again?’

She looked back at him steadily and scornfully. ‘Never, if I can help it,’ she said, and turned away.

‘Oh, very well,’ retorted Mr. Brown, assuming a jaunty air. ‘It’s quite right. One just likes to know how one stands.’

Next day all his good humour appeared to be restored; he was amiability itself to the various young ladies who approached him; smiled, and cracked small jokes, as he signed their books, and made himself altogether extremely agreeable. It was noticed that he was particularly attentive to a new comer, a pretty brunette, with lively manners and a villainous cockney accent. As the days

passed he became more and more devoted to her, and, as she happened to belong to the same department as Tilly, the growing attachment was forced upon her notice. The poor child was under torture. Though she might tell herself fifty times a day that she hated Mr. Brown, that she had done with him, and that it did not matter to her whom he took up with, she knew in her heart that she lied. It was agony to see the glance that passed her by so indifferently, rest tenderly upon the pretty girl a yard away; to intercept fragments of conversation, which hinted at private jokes, repeated meetings, projects for the future. It was galling beyond words to overhear her neighbours' comments, and to guess at their curiosity with regard to her feelings.

'Didn't I say it was always a case of new brooms with him?' remarked Miss Gunne to Florrie one day; and Tilly felt the significant glances which they exchanged behind her back. She, too, had been a new broom in her day; taken up and played with, and then tossed away into the dust.

She looked forward feverishly to her mother's letter, hoping it would give her permission to leave London and return home; but Mrs. House being, as usual, busy, delayed to write for some time.

At last, however, the answer came. Tilly was scolded for being foolish, advised to be more careful in future, and desired to stick to her work, and not allow her mother to hear any more nonsense about giving up her good situation.

Tilly felt sick at heart; how was she to go on with this hateful life? How was she to bear meeting that man day after day, hearing his voice, his step, intercepting his smiles, gay and tender, but never meant for her.

She dragged herself slowly to her post, feeling more weary even than usual. A strange sense of dizziness and heaviness was upon her, which she strove in vain to shake off; voices and footsteps appeared to come from a long distance, and she heard, as in a dream, Mr. Brown and his new charmer talking confidentially together.

All at once a phrase of his pierced through this nightmare-like oppression, and stabbed her to the heart.

'Shall it be Kew, this time?'

'Kew!'

Something seemed to snap in Tilly's brain; she fell sideways against her neighbour, and slipped past her to the ground.

'Hallo! what's the matter?' cried Florrie. 'She is in a dead faint, I believe.'

The girls came crowding up, but before any of them could raise her, Mr. Brown did what he had never done before in his life—he jumped over the counter.

'Don't touch her,' he cried hoarsely, 'don't touch her anybody. Leave her to me!'

In a moment he had lifted her, her head falling back over his arm, the pretty loosened hair flowing over his sleeve. His heart stood still. She looked as if she were dead. If she should be dead—if Tilly should be dead!

Scarcely knowing what he did, he hurried with her to the back of the shop and down a passage, followed by several of the girls, and presently encountered Madame of the millinery department.

'What's this? A faint? Here—take her in here and let her get the air.'

She threw open the door of a small room filled with packing-cases and bandboxes, and flung open the window. One glance from Tilly's waxen face to Mr. Brown's distracted one revealed the state of affairs.

'Now, all you girls, bundle out,' she cried imperatively; 'there's no use in your crowding round. She wants all the air she can get; leave her to me.'

'Come along, Mr. Brown,' said someone, officiously.

'No; Mr. Brown had better stay in case I want anything.'

She closed the door, and came back to his side. 'Lay her down flat on the ground, Mr. Brown—quite flat. You needn't be in such a state of mind—girls often faint. This is the girl who was with you at Kew Gardens, isn't it? You pretended there was nothing serious. Why didn't you own up like a man?'

'Because I was a lying sneak, I suppose,' returned he.

'What language! This is the future Mrs. Brown, though, isn't it?'

'If she will have me,' groaned he miserably. 'If she lives,' he added, catching his breath; 'she doesn't seem to be coming round a bit.'

Madame loosened the girl's collar, and the sweet, youthful curves of chin and throat lay revealed, chiselled as though in marble. As she lay there, helpless, on the dusty floor, she looked pathetic enough to touch a harder heart than Madame's.



'I wish she'd come round,' she murmured anxiously. 'Open the window a bit wider; pick up that bottle of salts I dropped. Now, look here, just slap the inside of that hand near you, smartly, as I am doing to this one.'

Mr. Brown knelt down in the dust again, and lifted Tilly's inert hand; then he looked up reproachfully.

'I couldn't do it,' he said; 'I couldn't slap her dear little hand!'

'You could only break her dear little heart, eh?' remarked Madame.

'Oh, don't!' he cried. 'People die of broken hearts sometimes, don't they? I believe she *is* dead—I believe I have killed her. I'll go and hang myself!'

'Nonsense, nonsense!' returned Madame, good-naturedly; 'she's coming to, all right. See, her eyelids are quivering. Let us try the salts again. That's enough'—as Tilly heaved a little sigh. 'Now I am going to leave her to you, Mr. Brown. Keep your wits about you, and tell her a few of the things you have been telling me. They will do her more good than the smelling-salts.'

Tilly's eyes opened vacantly at first, then glanced wonderingly round; then, when she discovered that her head was resting on Mr. Brown's arm, and that he was bending over her, a look of pain and terror came into them.

'Oh, Tilly, Tilly!' he murmured in a choked voice. 'I am so sorry.'

Tilly's white lips moved with difficulty, and she made an effort to raise herself.

'I don't want your pity,' she said faintly. 'Let me go!'

He helped her to sit up, and then withdrew his arm; but remained kneeling beside her, amid the dusty bandboxes.

'It isn't pity,' he said, 'it's love. I have loved you all the time, Tilly, though I have been such a coward and such a fool. I thought I could do without you, but I can't. I have been nearly mad all this time. Oh, darling Tilly, do forgive me, and say you will be my little wife.'

He tried to take her hand, but she drew it away, looking at him with dilated eyes.

'You've been—terrible cruel!' she said.

'I have been a brute beast,' cried he, with sudden despair. 'I see it's all over—you can't love me any more—you can't bring

yourself to forgive me. Well, it serves me right—it is my own fault that you have left off caring for me.'

'I—didn't say that!' faltered Tilly. 'I don't believe I ever could,' she added, with a sob that shook her from head to foot.

And then, being still very weak, she swayed a little, and Mr. Brown caught her in his arms.

M. F. FRANCIS.

## *The Dark Man.*

I SAW you pass with your love to mass, led by her tender hand,  
 You dark man of Tirareagh, that could not understand  
 When women's eyes looked kind on you unless their lips spoke  
 too—  
 That you were young and you were fair and your blind eyes were  
 blue.

You often heard the fairy pipes when others lay asleep,  
 For blind men hear so keenly that not a mouse can creep  
 Unknown across the trodden floor though none with eyes could  
 tell  
 That on the shore of silence a foot had crushed a shell.

I knew you heard my people sing when moonlight bade them rise  
 And go about their dancing, unseen of human eyes ;  
 I've seen you walking in the dew as if you sought a tryst,  
 But och ! you sought no fairy girl, 'twas human lips you kissed.

I saw you pass to morning mass, a wedded man, ochone !  
 Your bride was smiling at your side with eyes to be your own—  
 She could not see me standing high in the springing corn,  
 A fairy with her love put by, and jealousy newborn.

I saw you pass to morning mass, and that your eyes were blind,  
 I gladdened that you could not see how in the summer wind  
 Your wife's face blossomed like a rose while I was pale to see,  
 As the first faint flowers that April sets on the cornel-tree.

I see two pass no longer ; the blind man prays alone  
 And walks alone and sleeps alone, for in his breast's a stone,  
 A gray stone with no name thereon whose like all men may see  
 Up in the windy graveyard that fronts the Irish Sea.

The earth has got her own again, and down at Tirareagh  
A lonely bed and hearth are his all hours of night and day,  
Except the gray hour nearest morn when folk are nearest death,  
I claim that hour and take it though man and priest gainsaith.

I sit at Aileen's spinning-wheel, I rest my weary head  
Upon the breast that holds the dream of her when I have fled.  
I fill the crock with milk for him, I blow upon the peat  
Till the red glow in the cabin awakes the sleeping street.

Then when the neighbours enter and wondering stand around,  
And question if the buried wife some cranny place has found  
And come again to serve her man with food and firelight gleam,  
I leave them to their wonder, and the dark man to his dream.

NORA CHESSEON.

## *A Turk and an Armenian.*

### I.

#### HASSAN.

**H**ASSAN was an Albanian Turk ; he belonged to one of the old Turkish families, and looked every inch the gentleman that he was. Introduced to us by a common friend, he accompanied us during our seven months' wandering through Asiatic Turkey in a semi-professional capacity ; but what that capacity was it would be difficult to define by any particular name. A dragoman he was not, though he called himself our 'tergeman.' 'Tergeman,' literally translated, being 'interpreter,' he could claim nothing entitling him to this function, for he spoke no European language, and it was not till we learnt Turkish that we could hold any spoken communication with him. Briefly, he acted as a sort of amateur dragoman without any of the qualifications usually expected of these gentlemen, and possessing a great many of the virtues in which, as a rule, they are sadly lacking. Essentially he was our figure-head ; and a splendid figure-head he made : six feet six in stature, and broad in proportion ; as straight as a die, and as supple as a willow, with a handsome head set well back on strong shoulders, and keen, kindly eyes which looked out very straight from under shaggy eyebrows. When he walked, he put into his great stride a grace and dignity which soon earned for him the nickname of 'the Prince.' His chief characteristics were that gentleness which comes of great strength under perfect command ; the courtesy which arises from a sense of other people's worth measured by a sense of his own ; and an imperturbability which could be as irritating as it was admirable. 'Ne faidet ?' ('What is the use ?') was a favourite expression of his, and 'Ne faidet ?' he looked all over. In scenes of human quarrel, excitement, or danger one was chiefly conscious of his calm indifference of mind and manner as he silently surveyed his companions in fear of brigands, or in joy over a piece

of meat. Yet he was a man full of the passions of his race, capable of an iron self-control when he thought fit to make use of it, but occasionally roused into a state of temper bordering on madness. After such occasions, he would say his 'jan' had had him by the throat, and he did not know what he was doing.

A great man with a great imprisoned soul; as free and light-hearted as a careless boy when roaming in the great forests or on the bare mountain-side of his native home; fettered and fretful when the bonds of artificial civilisation held him.

'What a kallabalak! What is the use of this kallabalak?' he would say with a wave of disgust when he got into the middle of a noisy crowd. 'This is good, this is keyf,' was his comment, with great gasps of enjoyment, when we three sat on the ground together in some lonely spot of a lonely desert. One felt he was breathing freely again. A silent man by nature, he could not bear loquacious people. 'Burra, burra, burra,' he would say, pointing his thumb at them. 'Burra, burra, burra; what is the use of all this talking?' If the remarks were addressed to him, they were always answered with stern courtesy. A talkative young Armenian rode with us one day, and tried to draw him into conversation. 'Is not that mirage in front of us? What a wonderful sight, trees and water and mountains! Do you not think it must be mirage, Effendi?'

'With the eyes that Allah has given me, it does seem to be so, young man,' was Hassan's grim answer, and he rode on without turning his head to right or left.

Yet on occasion he enjoyed a refined 'kallabalak.' One night in Cairo, when we had done for the time with camping, and were seated in cleanliness and finery in the hotel garden, a confetti feast was going on. Serious young men and maidens, larkly old men and festive matrons were diverting themselves in the essentially hilarious proceeding of scattering confetti on one another. The garden was hung with Chinese lanterns, fireworks hissed and spluttered, shooting flames of colour. Hassan sat in convulsed enjoyment of the gay scene. It was a revelation to him of the lighter side of life. And when a charming young lady, bolder than the many who cast coy and curious glances at the handsome Turk, came and administered a dose of confetti down the back of his neck, he was overcome with glee and merriment. Afterwards, on subsequent wanderings in wilds and deserts, he would turn to us after hours of silence, and, bursting into a deep roar of laughter, would say, 'Do you remember the paper and the foolish men and women?'



His function, as I have said, was first and foremost that of figure-head; he escorted us on our visits to Turkish officials and dignitaries, and with grave dignity and courtly manner, unembarrassed by his own unshaven chin or the stains and dust of travel on our weather-worn and unwashed garments, he would make the most of anything, entitling us to belong to 'the great ones of England.' He cast a general air of respectability over us, and we always felt it was largely due to him that we were shown so much consideration in a land where all travellers are treated with suspicion, and where women are not regarded in a particularly chivalrous light.

But besides this, he was general caretaker of our personal comforts; he put up our camp beds and arranged our tent; he always sat beside us at meals, which we took seated cross-legged on the ground, either outside by the camp fire, or in bad weather on the floor of the tent. His first self-constituted duty was to peel the oranges with which we generally finished a meal; he removed the peel to form two cups in which he neatly piled the sections and placed them beside us, carefully counting the pieces to make sure that he had treated us alike. 'Shimdi?' (now), he would say when we had finished the first course; and we would ask for dates. 'Shimdi?' he would say again when the last of these was demolished. 'Shimdi Kahiveh,' and coffee would come in its turn. 'Shimdi?' 'Nothing more.' 'Nothing?' he would exclaim, 'nothing!' 'We will smoke now.' 'Tütün' (tobacco), 'aha, tütün,' and he would light us each a cigarette. Then, when this too was finished, 'Shimdi?' 'Shimdi rahat' (now rest), we answer—and he makes pillows for us with our saddle-bags, and covers us over with rugs. This process was repeated every day until it became a stock joke. His jokes were all of this kind; there were certain standing ones which had to be gone through periodically. My Turkish was limited to about fifty words, so that conversation between us did not flow; but X, who had learnt to speak more fluently, would ride with him for hours together, holding endless conversations on Turkish religion, habits, and ideas. When X and he fell out he would come and joke with me. One day I teased him about being a better friend to her than to me.

'How can that be?' he said gravely.

'Because,' I answered, 'you quarrel with the Vali Pasha' (X was the Vali Pasha, and I was the Padishah), 'and then you make it up and are great friends again. But you are never cross with me. If I were your friend, you would quarrel with me too. But I am glad I am not your friend, or you would get angry with me.' This

idea seemed to tickle him immensely, and every day after this conversation there would be a moment when he would ride alongside of me, and, feigning an air of great disgust, would shrug his shoulders and say 'Istemen, istemen' ('I do not want you'). It was his singularly primitive way of acting a quarrel with me, and thereby showing that he and I were friends too. X would also attack him on the subject.

'Why don't you go and scold the Padishah?' she said on one occasion. 'She thinks the same as I do about these things, only she cannot talk Turkish, so she does not say them.'

'The Padishah is but a child,' he answered; 'it would hurt her. It would be a shame to hurt a child.'

As a matter of fact I was older than X in months; but her bodily proportions were larger than mine, and everything goes by size in the East.

As time went on, however, we too had our little rubs, and his methods of making friends again were what one would expect from his schoolboy nature. If I was in the tent, he would throw stones at it until I looked out smiling; this was taken as a sign that the quarrel was over; he would roll up an extra-large cigarette for me, and we would sit on the ground and have a smoke of peace together. Our friendship was of a silent nature. I made my fifty words express everything I had to say, and to simplify matters only used the verbs in the infinitive, and nouns in the nominative; long custom had established a certain meaning to various sentences between us which would have been unintelligible to any other Turk.

'What Turkish, amān; what Turkish she speaks!' he used to say to X, holding up his hands in amused dismay. We taught him a few English sentences, of which he was very proud.

'Pull it up,' he invariably said when he held out his hand to help us off the ground.

'Pull it down,' was his formula when he arranged our habit skirts after mounting us.

'Pull it off,' when he helped us off with our coats.

When he was in a temper I made him say, 'I am a silly man,' which he pronounced 'I am—a silliman.'

Although he did not know the meaning of the words, he connected it with his own misdemeanours.

'Silliman yok (not), silliman yok!' he used to say fiercely when he was beginning to repent and get ashamed of himself. He always said 'Good-bight,' for 'Good-bye,' confusing it with 'Good-night.'

Great was his pleasure whenever in the course of our travels we came across a European, or anyone who could speak a language which I understood.

'See now,' he would exclaim at the unwonted sight of me talking with anyone, 'she has found a friend.' And then, when we parted, and I relapsed into silence: 'See now, how sad she looks; she is thinking of her friend.'

And he would ride up to me compassionately.

'Where is your friend now, Padishah?'

'Where, indeed!' I answer. 'I have no friend; you must buy me one in the bazaars next time we get to a town.'

'And how much money must I give for him, Padishah?'

'You must not give much, because I am poor; but you must get a very good one.'

'Amān, amān, see now what she says. I must get a good one, and yet not give much money. Do you hear, Vali Pasha?'

And when he came back from the bazaars:

'I have bought the friend, Padishah.'

'Where is he? I don't see him.'

'He is here, in my bag.'

'How much did you give for him?'

'Ten piastres.'

'He cannot be a good one if he is as cheap as that, and so small that he will go in your bag.'

'Oh, yes, he is a good friend,' and he produces a roll of tobacco; 'a good friend and little money. That was what you said, wasn't it, Padishah?'

And I reflect that there is many a true word spoken in jest.

'Has she no friend in England,' he asked X one day; 'or does she never speak in England either?'

'Yes,' said X, 'she has a friend in England, and she does not speak because she is thinking of him.'

'And you, Vali Pasha, have you also a friend in England?'

'Yes,' I answered for X; 'she has twenty-nine friends in England, and you are only the thirtieth.'

And Hassan would ride on in silence, pondering over the strange ways of English ladies.

Amongst his other duties he had to purchase the food, pay the muleteers and soldiers, and give tips; and it fell to my lot to add up the accounts with him periodically. The unusual mental exertion required by this he found very trying. His imperturbability would forsake him completely. On the first occasion he

broke down altogether. 'What can I do with figures?' he said, the tears rolling down his cheeks. 'Let me go back to my hills and forests; I am only a poor hunter. She brings out her little book and I shall not know how the piastres have gone, and she will think I have taken her piastres,' and he laid his head on his knees and groaned aloud.

When we became better acquainted, however, 'hisab' (accounts) became a joke, though they always caused him to perspire profusely.

At first my entire ignorance of the language made our intercourse over the account-book somewhat difficult. We would sit on the ground opposite one another, and Hassan would fumble in the folds of his belt until he had found his spectacles and his account-book.

'Are you ready?'

'Yes.'

'Peki' ('Very good'), 'Effendim; yimurta' (eggs), 'two piastres.' I would write it down.

'Yasdin me?'

'Ne yasdin me?' ('What is "Yasdin me"?')

'Yasdin me? Yasdin me? Yasdin me?'

I have not the smallest idea what 'Yasdin me' means, but I pretend to write it down and then say:

'How many piastres was it?'

Hassan makes a gesture of despair.

'Yasdin me? Yasdin me? Yasdin me?' he repeats again.

'X,' I shout across the tent, 'what does "Yasdin me" mean? I suppose it's some sort of food, only he won't tell me how many piastres it costs.'

'It means, "Have you written it?"' says X. calmly.

'Yasdin me?' repeats Hassan again.

'Yes,' I answer meekly.

'Aha, now she knows,' says Hassan, and he mops his forehead vigorously. 'I say "Yasdin me?" and she says "How many piastres?"' Amān, amān.'

'Peki, Effendim,' he goes on. 'Etmek' (bread), 'three piastres. Have you written it?'

'Yes.'

'Peki, Effendim; et' (meat), 'twelve piastres. Have you written it?'

'Yes.'

'Peki, Effendim; pilij' (chicken), 'three piastres.'

'Ne pilij?' ('What is "pilij" ?')

'Pilij, *pilij*, PILIJ.'

'Yes, but what is it ?'

'Pilij, pilij, she doesn't know pilij, and she learns it every day.'

He begins to crow like a cock.

'Oh, yes, now I know.'

'Ah, ah, now she knows—peki—pilij, three piastres. Have you written it ?'

'Yes.'

'Peki, Effendim.'

And so we go on through all the items, and finally add up the total in our respective languages. By means of holding up our ten fingers a large number of times, we ascertain whether the results tally, for in those early days I could only count in Turkish up to twenty-nine, and knew the words for 100 and 1,000. Then Hassan would give a great sigh, close his book, fold his spectacles, take off his fez and wipe his head all over, and finally forget his troubles under the soothing influence of tobacco.

And so the days slipped away. At the end of six months we landed out of the Syrian desert into Damascus. An immense change came over Hassan when he was released from the anxieties of piloting us through impossible places and rumoured dangers. He became more boyish and cheerful, and amused at everything. His first care on arriving at the end of our journey was, after spending several hours in a public bath, to go, a clean and happy man, to the mosque to return thanks to Allah for having brought us safely through.

We had been to call at the consulate, and as we drove up to the hotel on our return, I caught sight of Hassan in the street with a crowd round him; he was strutting up and down in his shirt-sleeves, with his head even more thrown back than usual, and a wild look in his eye.

'Good heavens!' I said to X, 'the Prince must have got into one of his tempers and killed a few people in the street,' and I anxiously looked round for signs of gore. The Prince took no notice of us, but stalked up and down, the crowd making way before him with looks of awe.

'What are we to do?' I said. 'He looks as if he had gone off his head, and would knock down anyone who comes near him.'

'He does look like a prize-fighter,' said X; 'I have never seen him look like that before.'

Our cook was standing on the steps.

'What is the matter with Hassan?' I said to him.

The man stared.

'Nothing,' he said; 'it's only his new shirt.'

We went inside, telling him to fetch Hassan to us.

The Prince stalked into the room with the same air with which he had been stalking the streets, and stood in front of us with an excited and expectant expression.

'The cook is right,' said X; 'it is his new shirt. He is overcome with pride and conceit; he is on parade, that's all.'

He certainly had something to be conceited about. The shirt was of fine silk in gorgeous yellow and red stripes; round his waist was a wide, bright-coloured karaband, round his head a new kafiye flashed all the colours of the rainbow. Clean and shaven, his tight-fitting shirt showing up the strong outline of his muscular frame, he exhibited, to say the least of it, a striking spectacle.

We were evidently expected to be overcome at the magnificence of his appearance, and certainly we did not disappoint him in this respect.

'You are grand,' said X to him in his own language; 'you quite surprise us.'

Hassan put his hands into his trouser pockets and strutted up and down the room, speechless with delight.

'Who would have thought you could be such a turkey-cock, you old gander?' I said in English.

'What is she saying?' said Hassan to X.

'She says you are just like a very magnificent bird we have in England,' answered X.

Hassan beamed triumphantly.

'You have fine clothes,' he said; 'I must not disgrace you.'

'Is he always going about in his shirt sleeves, I wonder?' I inquired. X asked him.

'It is quite usual in my country not to wear a coat in hot weather,' he said. 'My coat is old and dirty, and my shirt is new and clean; why should I wear my coat?'

And he rarely put it on again.

He loved to see us in nice clothes; and took great delight in wandering about the bazaars with us buying presents for the 'twenty-nine friends' in England. But we used to sigh over the good old camping days.

'Hebsi bitdi' ('All is over'), he would say dolefully when anything particularly brought them back to our thoughts.

We rode down Palestine and took him over to Egypt with us.



Evading with difficulty the importunities of Cook and the rush of tourists on the beaten track, we tried to steal days which brought back a sense of our old free-and-easy times.

But there came a day when there was an end to it all, an end to the long silent rides, an end to the quiet smokes in desert places, an end to the little daily jokes, an end to the serious talks and the foolish quarrels, an end to the kallabalaks and the keyfs.

We stood on the steamer which was to take Hassan back to his old life in the forests of the Turkmendagh.

'You will soon be going a long journey with someone else,' said X cheeringly.

Hassan shook his head.

'No, indeed,' he said. 'I shall take care not to go with two ladies again, and I shall not go with a man, for no man would be so much of a fool as to wish to go such a mad journey.'

The steamer gave vent to its first hideous whistle. We put our fingers to our ears.

'Good-bight, little Padishah,' he said, as we clasped hands for the last time, 'Good-bight. Go home to your friend in England; he will be glad to see you looking so fat.'

'Silly man,' I said, with a lump in my throat.

'Silliman yok,' he answered.

The whistle blew again; we turned and went our different ways. If there had been a stone, he would have thrown it after me; as it was, when I turned he made a face and shouted, 'Istemen, istemen!'

And now, looking back on those days, there rises invariably before us the memory of this companion in our many adventures; the memory of a simple-minded, honourable man, a trusted friend, a pleasant companion, and a devoted servant, who, whether he was sharing the discomforts and dangers of winter travel in a wild and lawless country, or experiencing the joyous freedom of the roaming desert life we loved so well, or enduring the terrors of critical and carping civilisation, invariably thought of his duty first and himself last, and in every way deserved the grand old name of 'gentleman.'

## II.

## ARTEN.

Arten was an Armenian; he was quick, thin, methodical, dirty, intelligent, and untruthful; he was also the cook. I say *the* cook advisedly, for a cook he was not. No doubt he would have made an excellent cook if he had known anything about the art; but it was not till after we had engaged him in this capacity that we discovered that he had not thought this qualification necessary. At any rate he knew, being a hungry man himself, that we were in need of food of some sort at stated intervals; in this he was a decided improvement on the Greek cook we had just dismissed. This man had a habit of coming to us after we had been waiting hours in momentary expectation of a meal, and saying with a languid air, 'Do you wish to eat?' He was a good cook, but always seemed overcome with astonishment when we expected him to cook.

Arten was a dirty man, and he looked dirtier than he was, owing to his dark complexion and hairy hands; besides this, his unbrushed and greasy black European clothes showed off to disadvantage among the simpler Eastern garments of his companions.

'Arten is not a clean cook,' Hassan would say, and Arten would smile sadly. He must have been slightly conscious of this defect, for he never handed me a plate or a spoon without saying 'Temiz' (clean) as a forestalling measure before I had even looked at it. He spent a good deal of time rubbing smeary plates with a blackish cloth, murmuring 'Temiz, temiz.'

He had a sincere desire to please us; but he always imagined this object was attained by the vigorous assertion of any fact that seemed necessary for our pleasure. 'Taze' (fresh) he would say every time he handed me an egg; and when I cut off the top and an explosion followed, 'Taze' he would say again.

'Eat it yourself, then,' I would suggest, handing it back to him. After putting his great nose right into it, 'Taze,' he would say. But he never ate it; he kept it for omelettes.

His nose was his chief feature. One saw the nose first, and then the man behind it. On cold days, when we all wrapped our heads and faces entirely in kafiyehs, Arten would be always distinguishable from the others by this protrusion. He had a jet-black drooping moustache which he was always wiping furtively

with a jet-black pocket-handkerchief, for Arten was a greedy man, and the only person who loved the taste of his own cookery.

'I like to see him getting fat,' X would say; 'he looked half starved when he came to us.'

But Hassan and I were not so charitable.

'Look,' Hassan would say, 'the door of the tent is shut; that pig Arten is stealing the food,' and he would go and kick at the tent until Arten looked out, guiltily wiping his moustache.

'You are cold, I suppose,' says Hassan, with lofty sarcasm. Arten mops his perspiring brow; he was always perspiring.

'How cold?' he answers, with well-feigned surprise.

'Because you shut the tent door,' answers Hassan.

'Amān,' rejoins Arten. 'What am I to do? If the muleteers see me cooking they come and ask for food; they are such greedy men, the muleteers.'

Hassan returns to us snorting.

'Arten says the muleteers are greedy men. Mashallah! Greedy men! We know who is the greedy man!' And he slaps his thigh vehemently.

Arten's notions of cookery were, as I have said, limited. His staple dish was a mixture of mutton, potatoes, onions, and rice, which were all cooked up together in the same pot, each ingredient being thrown in according to the length of time it took to cook. It certainly tasted very good, and I would suggest the method to those in England who dislike washing many saucepans. His other idea of cooking mutton was less satisfactory in results, though simpler in method, and I have no hesitation in not recommending it to English housewives, though I append the recipe as a matter of interest from its originality.

Take a piece of sheep, and with an axe cut it into chunks regardless of bones or gristle; take a chunk and throw it on to red-hot charcoal in a brazier. When there is a distinct smell of burning, and the hissing has nearly ceased, turn it over on the other side. When it resembles a piece of burnt charcoal, remove it and serve at once; swallow whole, as, if you try to bite it, your teeth will remind you of it for a considerable time, and in any case you will be conscious of its resting-place for the remainder of the day.

When staying at a consulate in the middle of our tour, the consul's wife, horrified at our fare, offered to let her cook teach Arten a few simple dishes which would considerably add to our comfort. Arten acquiesced with very good grace, and was inducted, among other things, into the art of making cutlets. On our departure

our kind hostess, moreover, provided us with a picee of meat suitable for cutlets. The first evening there was an undercurrent of excitement in the air ; there were to be cutlets for dinner. Arten had an important, self-conscious bustle about him, and looked mysterious ; the zaptiehs seemed awed and asked questions under their breath ; the greedy muleteers were distinctly interested ; we pretended to be unmoved. Finally, with a modest air, through which bumptiousness glared furiously, Arten announced that supper was ready. There was a covered dish keeping warm under the brazier ; Arten very deliberately placed it before us and with a dramatic flourish removed the cover. We were only conscious of a yellow-looking, crumby paste.

'Where are the cutlets ?' we asked, keeping up our courage nobly.

'That is cutlets, Pasha.'

We tasted it ; it appeared to consist of fried egg and bread-crumbs. We felt justified in contradicting him, but he still persisted that it was cutlets.

'But we want the cutlets like those the Effendi's cook showed you how to make.'

'Yes, that is it, Pasha ; that is what the Effendi's cook showed me.'

'But cutlets are meat,' we persisted.

'Yes, Pasha, but that is cutlets without the meat.'

This reasoning was incontrovertible. We tried to fill up with dates and rice, and went to bed crestfallen and hungry. The next day we returned to the charge. I undertook to show Arten how to cook cutlets, though I had not the smallest idea of the process myself. I had an inkling, however, that egg and breadcrumbs were in it somehow.

'Arten,' I said, 'cut the meat like the Effendi's cook did for cutlets.' Arten obeyed.

'Make egg and breadcrumb,' I said. He did this also.

'Now do with it what the Effendi's cook did,' I said. Arten smeared the meat with it. I began to see light and breathed more freely ; but I had still one venture to make.

'Now cook the meat like the Effendi's cook did,' I said.

I held my breath ; for all I knew they might now have to be boiled in a saucepan or toasted on a fork. But Arten appeared to know what he was doing. He took a frying-pan and fried them in fat. A glow of satisfaction crept all over me as I watched them

beginning to resemble the finished appearance I was acquainted with. When they were actually on a dish, I said loftily :

‘Please remember for the future that when we say we want cutlets, these are what we mean.’

‘As you please,’ he answered affably. ‘I call them “*frisolen*.” I knew how to cook them before the Effendi’s cook showed me,’ he went on.

‘Why did you never let us have them, then?’ I said severely.

‘How could I know you would like them?’ he answered, with injured innocence.

‘How did you know we liked tough chunks burnt on a brazier?’ was my icy retort.

Arten shrugged his shoulders; there never has been any accounting for the whims of women.

Small differences of opinion such as these were continually cropping up between us; and I would tell him in calm and measured tones, though in forcible English, what I thought of him. As the language was unintelligible to him, this method had the advantage of relieving my feelings without hurting his. But there were secret bonds of sympathy between us. We both suffered intensely from the cold, and Arten would carefully wrap things round me so that the apertures and crevices were not on the windward side. There is a good deal of art in this, and he did it very scientifically.

‘Little things feel the cold,’ he would say compassionately, and in such a kindly spirit that for the moment I forgave him his greed and forgot to feel undignified.

We were also on common ground when I tried to cook dishes which I did not know how to cook. Currents of great sympathy ran between us when things did not seem to be turning out right, and Arten would tentatively suggest various ways and means. But he never did what a foolish or disagreeable person would have done; he never expressed in his looks that I was no better than himself; which obviously would not have been true, since I did not pretend to be a cook, while Arten did.

And then, when the critical moments of our existence arrived and we placed the dish before X, we both watched with the same intensity for the expression of her face after the first mouthful. X was singularly appreciative, and when she kept assuring us how excellent it was, Arten would glance at me encouragingly and appear to share the delight I experienced at my own prowess. X thought Arten’s cookery good too, but then she never knew what she was

eating, and if you do not know the name of the dish, how can you judge whether or not it is cooked as it ought to be?

'What is this?' X would ask one day.

'Mutton,' Arten would answer.

'What is this?' she would say the next day when the identical substance was handed to her.

'Chicken,' Arten would answer. And X was perfectly satisfied.

The next day it would be 'Tinned meat,' and it was all the same to her—and to me; but then I knew what a liar Arten was.

His kindness of heart and his desire to please us made it all the more difficult not to be irritated with him when circumstances did not draw out the better side of his nature. It is uncomfortable to despise people in a qualified manner, and I found it impossible to despise Arten unreservedly, and therefore happily. There was no doubt that he was a horrible coward. If he had said, 'I am a coward, I am afraid,' he would have enlisted my sympathy for what it was worth, because I was a coward myself and admired sincerity. If he had even preserved a decent silence on the subject I should have been unable altogether to despise him, for that was the course I pursued myself. But when any real or imaginary danger was past, he would come out with assumed and aggressive hilarity, and make tales about it and his prowess, which latter he had already made conspicuous enough by its absence. Yet his position was no doubt complicated; he knew that the Turks in our train despised not only him but his race; there was no one to suggest his courage if he did not do it himself, and as he was unable to exhibit it in deeds, I have no doubt he saw no other course to pursue but that of publishing it by word of mouth. Moreover, he had suffered personally from bad treatment; the tale was a piteous one. Near his native town of Adana he had a small mill where he ground corn through the season. On one occasion he had done well, and was on his way back to his wife and children in the town, carrying his earnings, which were to keep them through the winter. Half-way home he was attacked by a band of robbers, who relieved him not only of his gold but of all his clothes. He had to remain in hiding by the roadside until someone passed from whom he could borrow a garment in which to return, starved and penniless, to his expectant family. Small wonder that the poor man shuddered at the word 'khursus' (brigand) which we laughingly joked about.

'What is it to you?' he said one day. 'You have rich relations, kind friends, and a just Government. If you are robbed, justice is



done to you. But what can I expect but more abuse and ill-treatment? and I have a wife and small children into the bargain.'

When he was not posing as a hero, he was posing as a feature in the landscape. This was particularly exasperating, for no amount of pity for his condition would turn him into a picturesque martyr, even in the foreground of ancient ruins. No sooner was my camera produced than Arten produced himself. The only occasion on which I knew him keep out of sight was when I was trying to get a snap-shot of the band of Kurds who held us up on the Tigris. He seemed to have no desire to show himself, although I was considerate enough to invite him to occupy a prominent position for once. His appearance was not calculated to enhance the effect of any picture; he was like a starved black scarecrow dressed up in tight and clerical garments, with a fez on the top—and then there was the nose. He would have made any warm desert scene look cold, as it would not be obvious that he was perspiring; and in any group of picturesque natives he would look ludicrous.

I recall, as I write, isolated moments of exasperation; when, for instance, he sat, singing a hymn, kicking up the dust with his heels, while we were trying to inflate ourselves with worthy feelings on the contemplation of Babylon, awed by the silence and desolation of the scene around us. Or, again, how in a fit of nervousness he hurled the whole of our dinner in agitation on the floor; while we, after an unusually long fast, could have cried for food.

But reviewing him calmly at a distance, one remembers a man whom one alternately laughed at and pitied; who annoyed one by his transparent faults, but who commanded one's sympathy by his tragic condition, and one's admiration by his cheerful willingness in trying circumstances. A man who was meant by nature to be light-hearted and happy, kind to his fellows, energetic and interested in his work, ambitious for his children; but whom fate dictated was to have his spirit quenched, his nature hardened, and mean and cowardly qualities developed owing to the fear, injustice, and poverty in which, like the rest of his countrymen, he was condemned to live.

LOUISA JEBB.

## *The Indian Crow.*

IT is quite impossible for anyone who has not sojourned in 'The Land of Regrets' to appreciate the important part played by crows in the daily life of the Anglo-Indian.

India without its crows is unthinkable; it could only be likened to London without its fogs.

Wherever human beings have their abodes there are multitudes of *Corvidæ* to be found, for the Indian crow is an inseparable appendage of town and village. Two species exist side by side in India—the great black bird (*Corvus macrorhynchos*), known to Anglo-Indians as the corby, and the smaller grey-necked species (*Corvus splendens*).

Both birds lead lives of aimless vagabondage; both are scoundrels of the most pronounced type; both are sinners beyond redemption.

Did the black crow exist alone, it would be held up as the emblem of all that is evil and mischievous. As things are, its iniquities pale into insignificance beside those of its grey-necked cousin.

The very name of the latter bird is sufficient to raise the ire of the righteous man. To call the arch-villain of the bird world 'the splendid' is mere mockery of words. Jerdon, the famous Indian naturalist, 'often regrets that such an inappropriate specific name should have been applied to this species, for it tends to bring into ridicule, among the unscientific, the system of nomenclature.'

The crow which vexes those who dwell in Burma bears the name *Corvus insolens*. Surely, then, the Indian bird should be called *Corvus impudicus*.

A name once acquired is, alas! not easily lost; hence the scoundrel-in-chief of the feathered folk is likely to remain always *Corvus splendens*.

When the traveller first arrives in Bombay, he is too much occupied with the strangeness of his surroundings, far too engrossed in the wonderful mass of humanity which throngs the narrow streets

of 'The Queen of Cities,' to notice the crows. These, however, take the earliest opportunity of introducing themselves.

As likely as not, the Englishman is awakened on his first morning in India by a novel sound. He starts up in bed to see a crow perched on the dressing-table, contemplating, head cocked on one side, its reflection in the looking-glass, and positively gurgling with delight. The bird is obviously saying to itself, 'When the Creator made you, He made a very fine bird!' The amusement of the onlooker is quickly converted into wrath when he beholds the wreck of what was once a tray containing tea and toast, which the barefooted attendant must have quietly placed by the sleeper's bed. The tea is still there, but the toast has completely disappeared, while a few greasy streaks mark the place once occupied by a respectable pat of butter! In India the early crow secures the first piece of toast. Were the depredations of the *Corvidæ* confined to eatables the Anglo-Indian would be thankful for small mercies.

Unfortunately the tastes of the Indian crow are all-embracing. To that bird, as to the old-clo' man, everything in this world is of value—stamps, letters, babies' socks, jewellery, spoons, ping-pong balls, and all things easily portable are objects after the corvine heart.

The Indian crow is able to utilise most things.

A Calcutta bird has made itself famous for all time by constructing a nest of the wires used to secure the corks of soda-water bottles.

Bombay is very jealous of Calcutta, and the crows, of course, ape their betters. The Bombay birds determined not to be outdone by the Calcutta *Corvidæ*. Accordingly one of the former promptly built her nest of gold and silver spectacle frames stolen from Messrs. Lawrence and Mayo's factory. The value of the materials used in the construction of this nest was estimated at twenty pounds.

But crows will appropriate things for which they can have no possible use. They commit larceny for the love of the thing. The Indian crow is the incarnate spirit of mischief. The bird will wantonly tear a leaf out of a book lying open on the table.

My gardener puts every morning fresh flowers in the vases. This operation is performed in the verandah. One day the man was called away from his work for a couple of minutes. During his absence a crow swooped down and succeeded in taking a beakful of flowers and breaking the vase in which they were placed.

A retired colonel of my acquaintance, who lives in the Himalayas, is a very enthusiastic gardener, and the crows are the bane of his life. They root up his choicest seedlings, sever the heads of his most superb flowers from the stalk, and fly away with the little pieces of paper which he places in cleft sticks to mark where seeds have been sown.

But it is in towns that the iniquity of the crows reaches its maximum. The Madras *Corvidæ* are a by-word throughout the length and breadth of India. The hospital is their favourite playground. They are never so happy as when annoying the inmates. They know at once when a person is too ill to move. The consequence is that it has been found necessary to have made for all the tables wire covers which protect articles placed at the bedside from the ravages of the 'treble-dated birds.'

I have seen a Madras crow quietly helping itself to the contents of a basket which an old woman was carrying on her head. The bird was possessed of sufficient intelligence to refrain from alighting on the basket. Had it done so its presence would probably have been detected. It flapped along just above the top of the basket, keeping pace with the woman, and so, unperceived by her, made a meal off the contents.

The knavish tricks of crows are by no means confined to human beings. As Colonel Cunningham truly says, 'Any animal pets are, of course—even more than inanimate objects—subject to their attentions, and, unless in wholly inaccessible places, are constantly liable to have their food purloined and their lives rendered a burthen by persistent and ingenious persecution.' I once possessed a greyhound which used to be fed in the garden. A man had to stand over the dog while it was feeding, otherwise the crows would devour the greater portion of the meal.

Their plan of campaign was simple and effective. They soon learned the dog's feeding-hour, and, as it drew near, would take up a position on any convenient tree. The moment the greyhound began to eat, a crow would swoop down and peck viciously at its tail. The dog would of course turn on the bird, and the others would seize this opportunity to snatch away some of the food. The process would be repeated until the meal was over.

Crows tease and annoy wild creatures with the same readiness that they worry domestic animals.

They mob every strange bird in much the same way as the London street arab makes fun of any person in unusual attire.

I recently saw about twenty crows in Madras dancing round a

cockatoo which had escaped from its cage. The crows were cawing derisively, and, if one had been bold enough to strike the first blow, that cockatoo would have come in for some very rough handling. But crows are not valiant birds, and so the cockatoo had to suffer nothing worse than rude remarks.

Once when I was touring in Oudh, I happened, in the middle of the day, to put up a large owl from a tree in which it was roosting. The night bird had scarcely flown a yard before a couple of crows espied it. They gave chase. The owl alighted on the branch of a tree; the crows took up a position on each side of the owl, literally wedging it in. The three birds sat thus for some time, perfect silence being maintained; but the crows looked wickedness itself. The owl was in an unfortunate predicament; it would have dearly loved to make an example of its tormentors, but it knew that if it attacked one of them the other would be able to set upon it from behind. The owl, therefore, decided to make a move. The crows followed. The owl was at an obvious disadvantage while flying, for, its eyes being forwardly directed, it could not see what the crows were doing. It therefore soon came to rest on the branch of a mango-tree. The crows, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves, mounted guard. Then the owl made a bold bid for freedom. It flew off at a great pace. The crows dashed after it.

At this juncture I lost sight of the comic trio, but I believe that one at least of the crows secured a beakful of the owl's feathers, for the pursuers suddenly desisted from the chase and returned to their companions, who greeted them with what appeared to be caws of applause.

Recently a tame peacock flew on to my balcony. A crow came to investigate it. Having contemplated the gorgeous fowl from a short distance, the crow sidled up to it crabwise, and then tried to pluck out one of the train feathers. The peacock turned on the crow. The latter hopped away, but immediately returned and once again tried to secure a peacock's feather. Nor did it desist until the peacock gave chase in real earnest.

Sometimes the ill-treatment which crows mete out to other creatures has a definite object. Crows are particularly partial to birds' eggs, while a young nestling is a dish most pleasant to the corvine palate.

Hence crows always keep a sharp look-out for the nests of smaller birds, which they rob with impunity. In the eyes of the Indian naturalist 'E. H. A.' this devouring of young birds is the greatest of all the sins of the crows. 'It is not,' he writes, 'their

depredations, nor their impudence, nor their rowdy noises. I could endure all these. What I cannot forgive is the constant and ruthless massacre of innocents that goes on where crows are allowed to have their own way. They watch every little bird to find if it has a nest; they count the days till the first young sparrow flutters out on its untried wings; they pounce upon it and hold it under one foot and pick it to pieces, absolutely callous to the shrieks of the parents as they flutter round, distracted but helpless.'

This is no exaggeration. It is the plain, unvarnished truth.

Crows are indeed learned ornithologists. They know the season of the nesting of every little bird—yea, they are aware of the secret place in which the nest is hidden.

Were the Zoological Society not composed exclusively of respectable persons, I would recommend that all the crows in India be admitted to the membership of the society.

But, dislike the crows as exceedingly as we may, call them all the evil names in our vocabulary, it is impossible not to admire the resourcefulness of the birds.

The Indian crow is able to adapt itself to any circumstances. A mere list of the different ways in which it secures its food is proof positive that, as regards intelligence and versatility, the crow is superior to all other birds.

I take the following from Jerdon's *Birds of India*: 'The food of this crow is greatly varied; but, as a rule, it may be said that it lives on the crumbs that fall from the food of man. Many natives eat habitually out of doors, and the remnants of boiled rice or other grain are thrown away, whilst by those that feed within doors the fragments are pitched out at certain stated intervals, well known to the crows of the vicinity, who proceed from house to house, warned by some watchful member of their community when the feast is at hand. So well known is the process of cooking that a small fire, or rather its attendant smoke, even in some unusual spot, far away from their daily haunt, will at once attract one or two hungry crows, who, if the symptoms of food are favourable, remain for the expected leavings. In the intervals between the meals of mankind, some betake themselves early in the morning to some plain that has perhaps been flooded, to pick up a crab, a frog, a fish, or insect. Others hunt for grubs in ploughed lands, or in pastures, along with cattle, or may be seen ridding cattle of the ticks or other insects that infest them. Some betake themselves to the side of a river or tank; a few, in the vicinity of large rivers or creeks, follow vessels, and



hunt with the gulls and terns ; and not a few, about Calcutta and other large cities, find a plentiful repast on the corpse of some dead Hindu, or on that of a dead bullock. A banian-tree, a peepul, or other tree with ripe fruit, will always be visited by any crows ; and if a flight of winged termites takes place, morning or evening, there are the crows to be found in abundance, and adroitly catching them, in company with bee-eaters, kites, king-crows, and, mayhap, bats.'

This does not by any manner of means exhaust the crows' *menu*. A flight of locusts is quite a red-letter day for these birds. They catch the insects with their claws and transfer them to the mouth during flight. The crows that dwell by the sea are very partial to the small crabs, which burrow for themselves holes in the sand. These crabs are very fleet of foot, and are in consequence most difficult to catch. A crow, however, has an inexhaustible stock of patience. The bird will take up a suitable position on the sand and wait until some unwary crab wanders a couple of feet from its lair. In six seconds the unfortunate crustacean is no more ! In some districts the crows work great havoc among the ripening corn. Each bird jumps on to a stalk, and thus uses its weight to pull down the head, which is then nipped off and the grain expeditiously extracted. I have seen a company of crows attacking a goods-train laden with corn. The train had been shunted on to a siding. Almost before it had come to a stop the local crows were boring holes in the sacks with their powerful beaks.

A retired member of the Bengal Civil Service tells an amusing story of which a crow is the hero. The civilian was riding one morning when he saw a crowd gathered round some object. Upon approaching he saw that the object was a woman whose nose had been bitten altogether off by her husband. Indian husbands frequently vent their anger in this barbarous manner. The civilian ordered the woman to be moved to the hospital. He rode on ahead, and directed the native doctor in charge to sew on the nose.

In the afternoon the civilian looked in at the hospital to see how the patient was progressing. The native doctor came running out to meet him, and it was apparent from the long face of that individual that all was not well.

'Oh, sahib !' he cried, 'a great calamity has befallen me. In obedience to your highness's orders I took the woman's nose, washed it, and placed it on a table near the window, and a crow flew in and carried it away !'

As a rule the Anglo-Indian sees far too much of *Corvus splendens* in a state of nature to have any desire to keep the bird as a pet. But a tame crow is even more amusing than a pet magpie. Mr. Lockwood Kipling once reared up a couple of crows. He writes of them: 'They were miracles of naughtiness, delighting in sly destruction and odd turns of malice, ever ready to peck at a servant's hurrying heel, and especially given to torment a little dog, who hated them. When he had a bone they came daintily stepping together, and concerted manœuvres against him, exactly like stage villains of melodrama, manœuvring and skirmishing with keen enjoyment.'

Amusing pets though they be, young crows show no affection for their masters. You may feed the crows of a locality daily, but they will never grow tamer. At the end of the year they will be as suspicious as they were when first you fed them. They will make a hurried dash at the proffered food, and hop away with it in precisely the way they do when they take anything surreptitiously.

In conclusion, I would like to give the reader some idea of the numbers of crows which dwell in the land of Ind. Crows are not only everywhere, but are found in vast numbers in all stations. The best way to judge of the extent of the corvine population of a town is to take up a position on the roof of the most lofty house in the place, just as the sun is about to sink below the horizon, and, from this point of vantage, watch the crows as they wend their way homeward after the labours of the day.

Crows, although the sworn enemies of man, like to roost in his vicinity. The crows of a locality sleep in colonies on trees, preferably near human habitations. During the day they spread themselves over a considerable area, but at eventide they all return to their roosting-place.

I once watched the home-coming of the crows from the roof of a house situated on a hillock in the little station of Rajahmundry, on the Godaverī River. For the greater part of an hour the birds returned in several continuous streams. Such numbers arrived simultaneously that I found it impossible to count them. However, it is no exaggeration to say that upon that particular evening some ten thousand crows flew over my head. Some came in from the river-banks, others returned from the islets and sandbanks which stud every Indian river when it is not in flood. Many flew in from hamlets on the opposite side of the broad stream. Multitudes poured in from the neighbouring fields and jungles.

Considering that I could only see the birds which entered the

station at one corner, and bearing in mind that a great many birds never leave the station, the corvine population of that little settlement cannot have been much less than fifty thousand. Probably over a million crows dwell in Calcutta.

When the birds return at the sunset hour, they exhibit no signs of lassitude. On the contrary, they seem most reluctant to retire to rest. There is much cawing and changing of positions before they eventually settle down for the night on the topmost branches of lofty trees.

Crows are early risers. Before the sun has appeared above the horizon, their hoarse croaking is mingled with the cheerful notes of the drongos and magpie robins,

Till in a gathered band of close array,  
They take their flight to seek their daily food,

and to make themselves generally objectionable to man and beast.

J. DEWAR.

## *At the Sign of the Ship*

IT is 'a sign of the *Times*' that the paper, on July 21, despite the 'pressure on our space' of wars and rumours of wars, devoted a column and a half to Mr. Rider Haggard's dream about his dog. A singular dream it was, very well recorded, and mentioned to various people before its apparent fulfilment. The newspapers have buzzed about the incident, but, as the details are probably forgotten, one may give them in summary before making a push at the philosophy of the visions.

\* \* \*

Having gone to bed about 12.30 on the night of Saturday (or, if you prefer it, in the morning of Sunday), July 9, Mr. Haggard was half aroused out of a nightmare by the voice of Mrs. Haggard, whom he had wakened by making 'horrible and weird noises.' People often do make weird noises in nightmares, and nightmares usually do take the shape, as in this case, of 'a sense of awful oppression and of desperate and terrified struggling for life.' Sometimes these results of indigestion are explained to himself, by the sleeper, in a dream of pursuit by an enemy, a monster, or any other creation of fancy. This was not so, in Mr. Haggard's recollection, or, at least, not till after he, in turn, was gradually awakened by remonstrances. This is a notable feature of the case, for, had nobody aroused the dreamer, it is as good as certain that, when he arose on Sunday morning, he would have forgotten all about the nightmare. A curious instance in point will be given later.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, before the dreamer was consciously awake, but after the remonstrances which were calling him back to waking consciousness—in that inappreciably minute interval of time—'Dream the dramatist' had set up before his mind's eye a dramatic incident of an explanatory sort. Mr. Haggard saw his

daughter's black retriever, Bob, 'lying on its side among brush-wood, or rough growth of some sort, by water.' (It may be noted that both of the Misses Haggard write, on July 14, that on July 10 Mr. Haggard said that he dreamed 'that the dog was *dying in a wood*,' and say nothing about the neighbourhood of water. This is the only discrepancy in the reports of the nature of the dream.) The dreamer's personality 'in some mysterious way seemed to be arising from the body of the dog,' which 'was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying.' Then the dreamer awoke; it was very early, and still quite dark; unluckily the hour was not noted. On Sunday morning Mrs. Haggard told the story at breakfast; four other persons present who heard it corroborate. No anxiety was felt about Bob, though he did not appear all day, nor join the other dogs at supper. On Thursday, July 14, the body of poor Bob was found floating in a weir on the Waveney water; his skull was shattered and both fore legs were severed. It was proved, by his collar, and fragments of hair, blood-stains and so on, found on the railway line at 7 A.M. on Monday, July 11, that Bob had been killed by a train, which, as there is no Sunday traffic, was probably done about 10.30 on the night of Saturday, perhaps three hours before the occurrence of the dream. It seemed, from the traces, that the dog had been carried forward a few yards from the place where he was stricken, and thrust through the open timbers of a bridge into the reeds growing in the river, where he must have sunk, and if still living suffocated. His injuries, however, were such that in the opinion of the veterinary surgeon death was instantaneous.

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The man of common sense explains the dream, 'veridical' as it was, by chance coincidence. It was a very minute and curious coincidence, to be sure; but then, says the man of plain sense, it would be still more curious if, in a world 'so full of a number of things,' curious coincidences did *not* occur. There the plain man leaves the matter, and, really, there is no absolute answer to his argument. It is only people who have studied the evidence for the number of coincidences between the death or other crisis of one human being (say, Smith) and the coincident impression of the events in dream or hallucination, on the mind of another human being (say, Jones) at a distance, who will look any further into the business. Such philosophers, however, incline to envisage these

coincidences as the result of a sort of Marconi's waves, or rays, or whatever they are, always pervading space, but very seldom finding a hospitable cerebral recipient, very seldom producing a veridical corresponding dream or vision in a person at a distance. I do not deny that my own study and experience induce me to believe that such a process of occasional intercommunication, of which the method is unknown, does exist in the nature of things. 'Thought leaps out to wed with thought,' not by way of the normal channels of sight and hearing.

\* \* \*

Granting, for the sake of argument, that this process exists in *natura rerum*, and that Mr. Haggard's experience was an example, we find the peculiarities that the apparent source of the 'message,' to put it in that way, was not a human being, but a dog; and, secondly, that when the 'message' arrived the poor dog was dead. Now, I know a few cases of apparitions of dogs, long dead, to several persons at once, and if such apparitions, in the case of dead human beings, are caused, from without, by the action of the dead man's surviving consciousness, there is no known reason why the canine apparitions should not also be caused by the surviving consciousness of the hounds. In that case, Bob, though defunct, might wire on his excitement to Mr. Haggard. But, of all theories, this does appear to me by far the least acceptable.

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By a coincidence of the most curious, I am able to give a precisely parallel case of *apparent* communication between two human beings. Twelve hours *after* Jones's death, Smith, his attached friend, who did not even know that Jones was ill, dreamed of a curious event that had occurred to Jones, about fourteen hours *before* his death—dreamed that Jones was asking for his assistance in the circumstances.

\* \* \*

My information reached me through the accidental presence of a black retriever! I did not read Mr. Haggard's tale till July 30. On that day I went to a cricket match at St. Andrews, where a ball was hit to leg into whin-bushes, and I think seven were run before the fielders called, 'Lost ball!' I was sitting on a bench with a friend, whose black retriever accompanied him. By association of ideas, I was reminded of Mr. Haggard's black retriever Bob, and told the story of his fate and of the dream to my friend,



Smith. He then narrated to me the following anecdote: About five years ago he was shooting in Scotland, and, say, on Monday, sent some pheasants to his life-long friend, Jones, in another country. On the night of Wednesday he dreamed that he was in a house, from which Jones was being carried against his will. In his dream, Jones appealed to him for help; he wanted to stay in the house. By this time, on Wednesday night, Jones was some twelve hours dead.

\* \* \*

What had occurred was this: Jones had been living in his club at —, where he had a bedroom. Unknown to Smith, he had influenza, on which pneumonia supervened. He refused to give way to his maladies, or to go to bed; he was up and dressed. On Tuesday night, his doctor insisted that Jones must be moved to the house of his own brother, which was in an adjacent street, Jones was obstinate, and made such resistance as he could, just as in the dream of Smith on Wednesday night. But, about 2 P.M. on Wednesday, Jones died at his brother's house.

\* \* \*

Is it not more probable, if Smith's dream was not a mere chance coincidence, that Jones unconsciously 'wired' to Smith, on the Tuesday night, the impression of his feverish struggle, than that his surviving consciousness, after his death, communicated the unimportant intelligence? If my opinion seem the less incredible, Jones's impressions of Tuesday night were 'in the air,' so to speak, finding no recipient in Smith, till the Wednesday night. In the same way, suppose that Bob died about 11 P.M. on the Saturday, and suppose that a dog can 'wire on' his emotions, his rays or waves or whatever they are—his soul, if anyone pleases—did not find Mr. Haggard's cerebral coherer, or soul, in a recipient state till Mr. Haggard was in a deep sleep—say, about 1.30 on the Sunday morning. Bob would not be dead on this hypothesis, but only dying, when he sent his message, the delivery of which was deferred.

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There is also the hypothesis of the philosopher Hegel, who held that there is a sort of a something called 'the sensitive soul,' common to all living things, while man, as he advanced from the jelly-fish, has almost lost touch of it, and is rather better without his sporadic and rudimentary survivals of the same. Unlike Malvolio, Hegel

did not 'think nobly of the (sensitive) soul,' because, if you please, it does not deal in vast generalisations, like those of Hegel himself and of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but merely, for example, gives to Mr. Haggard's share of 'sensitive soul' a piece of information from Bob's share of that entity. This was unlike the theory of Mr. Myers, who thought nobly of Hegel's despised 'sensitive soul,' calling it 'The Subliminal Self,' and practically regarding it as the spirit of the universe, and, if I may say so, the light that lighteneth every man that comes into the world, as far as he partakes of its illumination—which few people do. On that theory the mental action of Bob had nothing to do with the matter; Mr. Haggard was merely accessible, *in deep sleep*, to the Subliminal Self, which knows past, present, and future.

\* \* \*

Such are the philosophies, put briefly and in familiar terms, of occurrences which the plain man, like the French caddy when asked to applaud a fortunate stroke by his employer, dismissed as 'd——d fluke!' What interests me is that Mr. Haggard was in a deep sleep when his vague nightmare began, and was on the borderland of sleep,

On the margin grey  
'Twixt the soul's night and day,

when his dream, so far as his memory would serve him, became relatively coherent and informative. Both conditions have been thought, in classical and modern times, peculiarly favourable to flashes of supernormal intuition or vision. But, had Mr. Haggard not been wakened by remonstrances, he would next morning have forgotten his nightmare and his dream of Bob, even if he would, if not wakened, have had any such dream. I take it to have been an effort of his half-awake self to explain the distress produced by his meaningless or uncomprehended nightmare. We all know that, when we are awakened by a noise, we often dream a dream which is a fanciful explanation of the cause of the noise; or, if a pain awakens us, a 'sash pain,' we dream of a duel in which we are recipients of a rapier-thrust. These dreams are explanatory hypotheses put forward by the dreaming self in a dramatic form, and conditioned by association of ideas. Mr. Haggard's dreaming self had to account, first for his nightmare, next for the human voice which was trying to recall him to consciousness. Some association of memory induced the dreaming self to suggest that

Bob was in distress, and that the half-heard voice was the attempt of Bob to explain the distress in human language. This is a theory equally sympathetic to the psychologist and to the plain man of common sense. Certainly, but for the coincidence of Bob's slaying, Mr. Haggard would never have given the matter another thought. Was the coincidence so extremely close as to involve the presence of water on the scene? Not one of the five corroborators says anything about water. Had I been present at breakfast on that Sunday, I feel sure that, by this time, I could not tell whether, at that moment, the presence of water in the dream scene was then mentioned or not. Laying hold of all these things, Science, one may be sure, will cling to the theory of a very remarkable but purely fortuitous coincidence, the water being unconsciously interpolated into the dreamer's memory of his experience.

\* \* \*

I may have told before, somewhere, but may be permitted to repeat a story of a dream in deep sleep, told to me at first hand by the wife of the dreamer. Mr. Thomas (not the real name) is a Welsh squire, whose place is in a rural district. One night my informant, Mrs. Thomas, was awakened by hearing her husband talking in his sleep. He was excitedly crying, 'Poor old man! Poor old man!' The lady, to amuse herself, said, 'Poor old dear! What is the matter with him?' Still asleep, her husband replied, 'He cannot get out of the fire and smoke.' 'What is his name?' asked the lady. After a pause her husband answered, 'John Methuen,' after which his comments became inarticulate and ceased. Next morning the lady asked Mr. Thomas what he had been dreaming about an old man, John Methuen, in great danger, but the dreamer was unconscious of having dreamed at all. The pair left their house for a visit by rail, before the arrival of the newspaper, and, at the little station, found only the evening paper of the previous day. It contained a paragraph about the killing of one John Methuen, by a railway engine, on a level crossing. Now, in this case, few will say that pure 'fluke' could give the right name, the surname not being common. Telepathy from Methuen to Mr. Thomas, whether at the moment of Methuen's death or after his death (as by Bob), cannot be explained by personal sympathy, as Mr. Thomas had never heard of the man in his life. It would rather appear that intellectual 'rays' had been disengaged by the accident, and had found a recipient in the deeply sleeping brain or mind of Mr. Thomas, perhaps twelve hours or more after

the event. He, again, would have been none the wiser if his sleep-talking had not been overheard and remembered. Obviously, if these faculties of unaccountable intercommunication do exist, they are of no commercial value, or of next to none, and the plain man dismisses them with the inquiry, 'What is the *use* of them?' He is unconsciously postulating that everything in the universe was created for the purpose of being of practical service to persons like himself. What is the 'use' of the properties of amber? They merely led to inquiry into electricity, which is useful enough, nowadays, thanks to the questions suggested by certain odd, but of old quite useless, properties of things. Conceivably, research into odd useless faculties of the mind *may* lead to speculations quotable on the Stock Exchange, though it is not very probable. However, the universe and man were certainly not produced for financial purposes, and science, at least, cannot neglect any form of human experience because the plain man sees no use in it. Even to crush a false opinion is useful, and, if the opinion that more than mere coincidence is at work in these dreams and visions be false, it is also mischievous, and needs to be crushed. But the falseness of the opinion cannot be exposed without inquiry, so the most sceptical Philistine may understand that inquiry is useful.

\* \* \*

One of the queerest coincidences in quite everyday matters has just come into my ken. Working at books on the marriage laws of the natives of Central Australia, one finds that, in two tribes, the word for men and women who may legally marry is *noa*, or *unawa*, clearly *noa* with a *u* prefixed. I have always been haunted by the dim feeling that I knew elsewhere the same word, *noa*, for the same set of persons; that is, men and women who, by savage law, are intermarriageable—rather a small proportion of the population. It was only last week that I found that, in the language of the natives of New Zealand, intermarriageable men and women are *noa* to each other.<sup>1</sup> Is it probable that the same word for this peculiar social status occurs by mere chance coincidence in the language of peoples so remote from each other in space, in characteristics, moral and physical, and in civilisation, as the Maoris of New Zealand and the Arunta and Urabunna of the plumb centre of the Australian continent? Chance coincidence looks unlikely, but not more unlikely than the opinion that these two sets of people once spoken a common language. Nearly a generation ago Mr. Howitt and Mr. Fison

<sup>1</sup> Taylor, *Te Ika a Māui*, p. 166.

appealed for Government aid in the study of Australian languages, which are likely to be in a state *relatively* near the beginnings of human speech. The knowledge is 'useless,' and the little that has been done since is the work of amateurs, not of scientifically trained philologists. This is not very creditable to the Universities, who might do what Government will never attempt—dive into dialects which have duals and all sorts of archaic verbal dodges far older than Sanskrit. The Germans will take up the task and put it through, if we won't—I wonder that they have not done it already—or the Americans will pounce on the opportunity. If I were wealthy, I should endow travelling students of these lingoes from Oxford and Cambridge. We have left it to Mr. David Syme, of Melbourne, to defray the expenses of the recent scientific journey of Messrs. Spencer and Gillen; will no other Scot show England the way in thorough linguistic exploration? The results will not be so charming as the material remains that reward the spade of Mr. Arthur Evans. But buried civilisations 'will keep'; whereas these very archaic languages will presently vanish, like the Cornish tongue, into eternal silence.

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Some years ago a well-known author circulated the fable that in Italian villages it is usual to sacrifice a human victim on Good Friday! The same fiction, dropping Good Friday and substituting Australian natives for Italian peasants, occurs in a halfpenny evening newspaper of July 22. I quote the gist of the nonsense:

'In a contemporary recently there appeared a short paragraph describing how, in an Adelaide court there was a charge against an aboriginal of murdering another native. The body was found in the bush with the hand broken off at the wrist and with the skull fractured. Round the remains circular tracks were found, as if some savage rites had been carried on. A police expert identified the tracks as those of aboriginals.

'There can be no doubt that the murder, of which we heard on July 21, was committed by the devotees of Urawonga, whose high priests demand a human sacrifice twice in twelve months. It is an event of rare importance among the tribe.

'For several days before the sacrifice there is a notice posted in the native temples announcing that "the god Urawonga demands another sacrifice in order that the members of the tribe may be blessed in plenty." Before the day of the sacrifice there are hundreds of volunteers. By means of drawing lots, one is

chosen, and, after his death, all his relatives are considered sacred and provided for by the other members of the tribe.

'The actual ceremonial is ghastly in the extreme. . . .

'It is possible that the police have at last secured one of the priests of the god Urawonga. But his death by hanging as an ordinary murderer would—far from deterring—excite the "religious" ardour of the tribe.'

\* \* \*

We need not go into the details of the stuff. As the victim contemplates 'the idol,' 'the image of Urawonga,' the 'high priest' smacks his head with 'his terrible weapon, twelve boomerangs divided by five spear-points'! Where does all this happen? No god Urawonga is known to science; no Australian god is known to receive any sacrifice whatever, human or bestial; the natives have no temples, no priests, no 'high priests,' and, since they do not write, they cannot 'post up notices in the native temples,' as temples there are none. Unless the author of the narrative has himself discovered a tribe infinitely more civilised than any Australian tribe known to anthropologists, 'he cannot think what a poor figure he cuts when he tells that story,' as Dr. Johnson said. But it may be accepted without hesitation by readers of halfpenny evening papers.

ANDREW LANG.

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